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TIME

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A Comic Genius

Woody Allen Comes of Age





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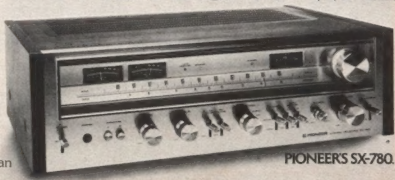
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A Letter from the Publisher

"Forthcoming, honest and very, very serious." That is how Staff Writer Frank Rich describes Woody Allen, the film maker, comic and virtuoso jazz clarinetist he interviewed in Allen's Manhattan apartment for this week's cover story. Says Rich: "Because Woody is involved in none of the side-show glitter of the industry, from TV appearances to Oscar ceremonies, he is different from anyone else I've met in show business."

Rich first met Allen while writing a profile of him for *Esquire* in 1977. Rich's own show business career began at age 13, when, as an aspiring actor in Washington, D.C., "I hung around the National Theater so much that the manager took pity on me and made me an usher so I could see the shows for free." Watching plays over and over as they were produced, polished and otherwise primed for a Broadway run is, Rich believes, a great education for a critic: "I couldn't help learning what does and does not work well on stage." At Harvard, Rich decided he didn't work well on stage, gave up acting, and moved to the gallery as drama critic for the *Crimson*. He attributes his switch to film criticism to inspiration from the film *2001: A Space Odyssey* and to over-

exposure. "You could see more movies in Cambridge in a week than in a year in Washington," he says. Before joining *TIME* as a film reviewer in 1977, he spent two years starring in that role at *New Times* magazine and two more at the *New York Post*. Says Rich: "I've always preferred movies to real life."

Contributor Richard Schickel, who wrote the story that precedes Rich's interview, has reviewed films for 14 years, long enough to have assayed every Woody Allen production since *Take the Money and Run*. Schickel first met Allen in 1963, when the comic did his stand-up routine on a TV show where Schickel was book critic. In this week's issue, Schickel examines Allen's maturation as a film maker on the eve of his latest and perhaps greatest triumph, *Manhattan*. To this task Schickel brings his experience not only as critic, but also as film maker himself, having produced, directed or written 14 TV shows about film history, including last year's comedy compilation *Funny Business*. Declares Schickel: "My list of truly great film comedians is very short. It consists of Chaplin, Keaton, W.C. Fields, the Marx Brothers—and Woody Allen."



Allen's interviewer, Critic Frank Rich

John A. Meyers

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Letters

An Atomic Scare

To the Editors:

After the Three Mile Island accident [April 9], I intend to vote against any politicians who say "Maybe" to nuclear power, regardless of their opinions on all other matters. What good is a chicken in every pot if the broth is radioactive?

*Charlotte Reese
Minden, Nev.*

The nuclear scare fairly well demonstrated that the installation was able to deal with malfunction, and bolsters my confidence in nuclear energy.

*Donald I. Dean, M.D.
Rushville, Ind.*

If nuclear power is not to be, where do we go when civilization grinds to a halt for lack of energy? Back to the caves?

*Robert C. Green
Kingsley Field, Ore.*

The Three Mile Island "event" will do for nuclear power what the *Hindenburg* did for zeppelins.

*James S. Mellett
New Fairfield, Conn.*

We, your so-called "intellectually concerned" and "idealistic young," no longer

enlist in a cause for the sole reason that it may be "tangible and satisfyingly anti-Government and anti-Establishment." We oppose nuclear power because of the all too real threat, not only to our own lives, but to those of our children.

*Susan Grundy
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.*

The energy crisis could ultimately destroy our economy and bring down the world economy along with it. Such a collapse would precipitate world conflict and probably atomic war. We cannot escape



the danger of the atom. But I would rather risk a mishap once every 20 to 30 years than face one nuclear holocaust.

*Philip L. Hall
Yokum, Texas*

Nothing can be perfectly safe. Should we ban automobiles, cigarettes and bathtubs? The biggest danger of nuclear power is that we won't have enough.

*Steven C. Van Voorhis
Stratford, Conn.*

Fueling Controversy

If the energy situation is truly as serious as Jimmy Carter claims it is [April 16], then when is he going to declare a real war on the problem—proclaiming a state of emergency and totally mobilizing all our energy resources? Is handing over billions of dollars in windfall profits to the petroleum industry his idea (and that of Congress) of a "moral equivalent of war"?

*Warren W. Phillips
Stamford, Conn.*

It is unfair to say that Americans are unwilling to reduce energy consumption. They have not been asked to do so as part of any long-range conservation effort. Our leaders should be looking to the future and providing us with a national



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environmental plan. Such a national plan could deal with the hardship of reduced consumption.

*Catherine A. Sobkowiak
Schenectady, N.Y.*

Gasohol is part of America's future. Why imply [April 9] that alcohol must come only from food crops? Distilling can also turn various grasses, weeds and shrubs into fuel.

*Jonathan V. Post
Cliffwood, N.J.*

The ultimate fuel must be methanol produced from cellulose-containing waste products. Although the B.T.U. yield of methanol is only half that from gasoline, the eventual mass-production cost will be less than half the cost of gasoline.

*Russell C. Haworth
Denison, Texas*

Your item on gasohol reminded me of a product sold in the early 1920s known as Alcogas. It cost more, but it burned clean and was very efficient. Alcogas was produced from molasses.

*John Treherne
Martinsville, Va.*

Brown's Factors

Your article on the admission procedures at Brown University [April 9] cleared up a great mystery. As a reject

(Z) from Brown's class of 1976, I have always wondered what disqualified me. Now it's clear that the fault didn't lie in my board scores of 1,370 or any of the awards I received, but in other, more important factors. In my next life I'll come from the right zip code, play football and the violin, and choose Brown alumni for parents.

*Shari J. Cantor
West Hartford, Conn.*

You somehow managed to print that cheery, encouraging college-admissions article at the worst possible time.

*Susan B. Smith
Kent, Conn.*

Loeb's Capital Ideas

Shame on Marshall Loeb in his Essay "America's Capital Opportunity" [April 2] for falling into the very trap that has contributed so greatly to high budget deficits and therefore to inflation. Every time he proposes a new tax, he wants to spend it. Surely he must agree that these taxes should be used to help turn that \$29 billion deficit (which Mr. Carter is so proud of) into a \$29 billion surplus.

*Albert W. Savage
Los Alamos, N. Mex.*

Marshall Loeb's seven-point program to restore America's capital opportunity will get my vote in any election. It's time

to give the business of America back to the people and take it out of the hands of a fumbling, self-serving Government.

*Carl P. Schumacher
St. Louis*

Instead of criticizing the Environmental Protection Agency's efforts, why not focus your energy on the need for stronger environmental-investment tax credits for corporations? With credit dollars for complying with regulations, companies can make other investments, hire more workers and, on the whole, help curb inflation. Plus the Government gets its money back in tax dollars.

*Ann Klicar
Lemont, Ill.*

My Sister, the President

Frank Trippett's Essay "Looking for Mr. President" [April 9] notes that a President need only be a native-born resident and old enough to be dry behind the ears. Must the President also be male? I tell my sons that some day they may grow up to be the brothers of a President.

*Susan Egusa
Lake Oswego, Ore.*

Psychiatry and the Church

Your article on psychiatry [April 2] was more negative than it should have been. I believe that psychiatry is the right

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Letters

arm of the church. It has helped people free themselves from inhibitions. It has freed them from guilt and fear. It has let people be themselves. It has let them know themselves.

Rather than being depressed, we should exalt the good points of this noble profession.

(The Rev.) John Eliason
Burlington, N.C.

Psychiatry provided sensitivity and human understanding when religion failed to.

Leslie Haltbakk
Lier, Norway

The Garwood Case

Prosecuting Bobby Garwood as a turncoat would be hypocritical [April 9]. After all, haven't most Americans decided that the true "criminals" of Viet Nam were those foolish enough to have served their country honorably?

Daniel S. Schafer
Laguna Beach, Calif.

As a former Marine of Korean War vintage, I believe that this thing should be buried along with everything else connected with that stinking war.

Robert E. Currie
Woodside, N.Y.

If it is determined that Garwood should be punished, I hope he has to go to the end of the line and wait his turn while we try Presidents, admirals and generals, along with noncoms, the CIA, civilians and politicians for all the lying, the cruelties, the burning of villages, the Gulf of Tonkin incident, the bombing of Cambodia, etc.

Merle Martin
Wooster, Ohio

Disputing Logic

Westerners like R. Z. Sheppard, in his review of Vladimir Bukovsky's book [March 26], seem to be absolutely unable to grasp the fundamental difference between Western and Soviet political thought. To Marxists, socialism and Communism (or Sovietism, for that matter) are not freely chosen or choosable political stances but scientifically established laws of history. Dissenting, like disputing physics or logic, therefore must be a symptom of mental illness. Thus, in good conscience, the Soviets have no other place for dissenters but the nuthouse.

Herbert Weil
Kiel, West Germany

Middle East Aftermath

It kills me to hear the propaganda and false niceties from the lips of men like Libya's Gaddafi and the P.L.O.'s Arafat [April 9]. How can the Palestinians expect the world to take them seriously as

long as they allow themselves to be led by terrorist criminals like Arafat?

Arafat calls Carter a Chamberlain, and I must say that in this instance I agree. Because that makes Gaddafi a Hitler and Arafat his Mussolini.

Brian S. Pummill
Perryburg, Ohio

A King for Massachusetts

Governor Edward J. King [April 2] was elected by Massachusetts on a campaign pledge to reduce state property taxes by \$500 million. All I can say to Commonwealth voters is, you get what you pay for. You go for a bargain, you get bargain-basement quality. And boy, are we getting it.

Dwight Shepard
Dennis, Mass.

Edward King's greatest sin in the eyes of his detractors is not his ineptness in personnel administration, but his courage in opposing today's giveaway mentality of the bureaucracy and the media; it is that one person's need constitutes an automatic blank check on someone else's abilities. We love him for the enemies he has made.

Robert P. Clark
Belmont, Mass.

Un-Lutheran Ideas

The ideas and views of West Germany's Paul Schulz [April 2] certainly are not reflective of the Lutheran faith, as his defrocking attested. So why should he be trying to hold on to a Lutheran background, and why is he accusing his accusers of anything?

Emmett Abella
Roseville, Ohio

Voll for President

Thank you Dan Voll and Century III [April 9] for showing Americans that as far as we young people are concerned, pessimism is a dirty word, faith in the future is not a ridiculous ideal, and America will still be around when we're 80 years old. We lowered the voting age to 18. Why not go a step further and bring down the legal age for serving in Congress? Dan Voll for President!

Chris Wilson
Sterling, Kans.

Owen Kiernan's greeting to the nation's high school leaders echoes the commencement speaker's standard text. What the young "leaders of tomorrow" are never told is what happens when they confront the leaders of today.

Jack Osgood
Brookline, Mass.

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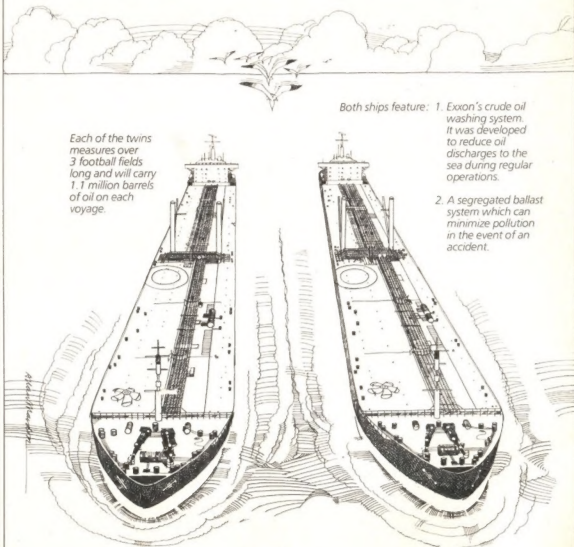
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Both ships feature: 1. Exxon's crude oil washing system. It was developed to reduce oil discharges to the sea during regular operations.

2. A segregated ballast system which can minimize pollution in the event of an accident.



EXXON



Ex—Plutonium Worker Jim Smith considers the future from the front porch of his house on Broadway in Shawnee

American Scene

In Oklahoma: The Pangs of Bearing Witness

It is Saturday morning, and Jim Smith stands at his stall in the Old Paris Flea Market, a recycled warehouse near Oklahoma City's railroad yards. Before him are tables laden with things to sell or swap: beer mugs, some tiny and some as big as umbrella stands, plus old bottles, crystal goblets and ceramic figurines.

A young man in tight blue jeans and tooled leather boots approaches not to buy but to gab. "Say, Jim. You want a full military funeral when Kerr-McGee gets done with you? We'll have to find you a lead coffin so you don't contaminate the cemetery. How many pall bearers you figure it takes to haul a lead coffin?"

That bit of morbid humor refers to possible resentment by the Kerr-McGee Corp., a major energy conglomerate, over testimony Smith has given in a bitter trial. It is the celebrated \$11.5 million negligence suit brought by the heirs of Karen Silkwood, a former employee at a Kerr-McGee plutonium-processing facility in nearby Crescent (pop. 1,568). She accused the company of being cavalier about worker safety, and then died at 28 in a still mysterious car accident in 1974. The trial, however, focuses on charges that Kerr-McGee was negligent in a series of plutonium contaminations that took place in the nine days before her death.

Because Smith served for almost six years as a plant supervisor with Kerr-McGee, he was briefly last month the main event in Oklahoma City's federal courthouse. Neither accused nor accuser, he was required to tell the truth about subjects he would rather not have discussed. Now the witness is finding that day in court still intrudes on his life, even at the Old Paris Flea Market.

"Hey, Jim," a woman with strawberry blond hair knotted atop her head calls from a nearby stall. "You're our star. I want to shake your hand, honey. You're

a celebrity. They even had you on TV." Putting out one cigarette, Smith then lights another. At 47, a short, broad-shouldered man in tan dungarees, he has the look of someone who could have spent his life punching in at an automobile plant or a paint factory. But Smith is a celebrity because the assembly lines he manned produced goods made of plutonium, a radioactive element so deadly that even microscopic doses can be lethal.

Formal schooling ended for Smith at the tenth grade. Then, through more than 20 years of self-education and training programs, he learned to master topics like atomic weights, valences and isotopes. Ironically, Smith loved the work. His testimony may have made him a hero to antinuclear activists—and all the more so in the wake of Three Mile Island—but for Smith the workaday life with plutonium fulfilled that old American dream of self-made success.

Childhood was orphanages in Wyoming. "When Mamma died, Daddy boogied," he explains. Later he caught up with Daddy for a night, just long enough to get a signature allowing him to join the Army at 17. Before he was 20 he had a bronze star and two Purple Hearts in Korea. Smith still bears a military imprint. He is intensely patriotic. The old pistols, swords and insignia patches he sometimes sells at the Old Paris provoke a special delight. He reads war histories, likes to carry a gun and believes deeply in following procedures. Just married and out of uniform in 1952, Smith stumbled into a job at the Rocky Flats, Colo., nuclear arsenal, a manufacturing plant for atomic warheads. "I'd heard about Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but like everyone else back then I was dumber than a box of rocks about anything nuclear."

Smith learned. He soon switched to the production staff as a helper. Over the

next 17 years he worked up to foreman and finally supervisor. He was present as scientific knowledge of plutonium grew from infancy, and he remembers these as his golden days. Smith worked at purifying plutonium and mixing it with other elements. He changed it from liquid to powder to metal and molded it into the workings of atomic weapons. Like most Americans, but in a more immediate way, he has made concessions to the nuclear hazard. "There's no way to get that plutonium out of me now," he says, knowing he was probably contaminated. "Only time will tell what it's doing to me."

When Smith left Rocky Flats for Oklahoma in 1969, he commanded several dozen men and made \$12,000 a year. He had similar responsibilities with Kerr-McGee, where his crews produced fuel pellets for experimental reactors. When the plant closed in 1975, Smith was furloughed. His wife Phyllis, 43, a tall brunette with fashionably frizzed hair, carried the family finances with her job as a district manager for Avon. Smith began doing the family cooking. He also kept busy taking his motor home to auctions, picking up stuff for the flea market. He and Phyllis spent a lot of time working on a rambling clapboard house they bought in Shawnee (pop. 25,100).

This quiet life was disturbed two years ago by the visit of an investigator for the Silkwoods. Smith made a decision that swept him into a complex legal fight. "I figured if somebody, no matter who, asked a question, I ought to answer," he recalls. "Well, pretty soon it was the Silkwood people, the Kerr-McGee people and the reporters, and then I'm in court. If nobody had found me to ask questions, I wouldn't be involved in the damn thing."

In court he showed little enthusiasm. He sat with hands folded, spoke in mono-

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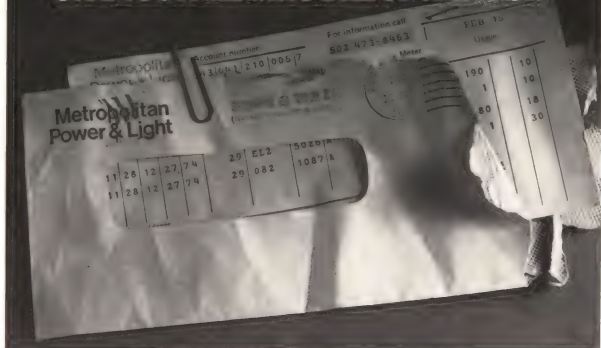
Adventure. Executive Producer is Elliott Lewis and Producer-Director is Fletcher Markle, from Hollywood. Original musical score by Nelson Riddle.

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Even if your electric rates have increased as much as 40% in the last few years, you can still save money with the Weathertron heat pump from General Electric.

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In warm weather, the thermostat reverses the whole process, and the Weathertron cools, using the same

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No wonder the General Electric Climatuff™ compressor, the device that helps extract heat from the air, has been operating in over two million cooling as well as heating installations.

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

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American Scene

tones, invariably addressed his questioner as "Sir." The Silkwood attorney often had to egg him on for details. Nevertheless, his testimony seemed chilling. He told of workmen leaving the plant for lunch in plutonium-laden clothes. The restaurant where they ate was never checked for contamination. Teen-age farm boys, he testified, were put to work with no safety training. Once he and his men were ordered to don coveralls and respirators and work in a contaminated room for several days. They had to meet a production schedule instead of immediately cleaning up the contamination. Smith said his pleas for better equipment went unheard and life became "a continuous battle against leaks." Even the concrete walls were impregnated with plutonium. Smith claimed that to eliminate the plant as a possible source of contamination, "you'd have to break it up and put the whole thing in a nuclear burial ground," a conclusion substantiated by an expert witness, Professor Karl Morgan of Georgia Tech.

Whatever happens to the suit, Jim Smith wants nothing more to do with the Silkwood controversy. "I'm no crusader. I'm not antinuclear," he says. "The trouble is the regulatory people played Keystone Kops and gave licenses to a bunch of dummies who got real sloppy. Now the public is riled up. They've gone against nuclear. And this trial isn't helping."

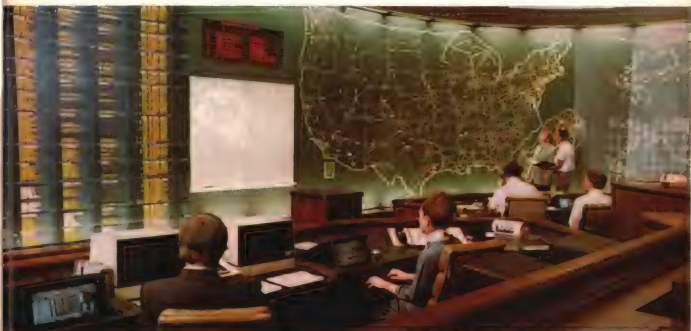
Plutonium was unknown, Smith points out, until man learned to tinker with the atom. It has strange properties. A quantity of plutonium that is perfectly safe in one container will emit a deadly blast of radiation when put in a container of a different shape. It would be natural to assume that Smith would be happy never to see the stuff again. Not so. He speaks of the substance with something bordering on affection. "Plutonium is weird—and interesting. Every day it's a different challenge because it's temperamental. You can't just relax around it."

His only serious run-in with the deadly metal came when a chunk of it had to be surgically removed from his right thumb. More than a decade later the scar is well worn but still ugly. He could be in great danger from invisible specks of plutonium that may have found their way to his lungs, but he is blunt and fatalistic about it. "I'd go back to plutonium work any day," he says, "but at a first-class No. 1 outfit." With obvious dejection he adds, "After what I did in court, no place is going to give me a job. No place I consider the nuclear door closed to me."

There are less important but more immediate problems too. Those kidding voices, for instance, that call out in the street. "How much the Silkwoods gonna pay you if they win?" He waves that scarred thumb in the air and yells back. "I've still got some of that good stuff in there. I'll stick it in your beer. Then you watch how you feel next week."

—Roberto Suro

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The Network Operations Center, Bedminster, New Jersey.

You are looking at the Bell System's Network Operations Center. Here, our technology and people work 24 hours a day to help your long distance calls go through quickly, effortlessly.

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• ORLANDO 1
• SUB SECTION
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• CHARLESTON
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• DETROIT 1
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Part of the network status board, where NOC personnel watch for possible jam-ups.



No matter when you make your long distance call, the NOC stands ready to help it get through without a hitch.



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TIME APR. 30, 1979

The Trouble Is Serious

That is the state of the nation, says a majority in a TIME poll

WHAT DO YOU THINK ARE THE MAIN

ISSUES

FACING THE COUNTRY TODAY?

PERCENT OF PEOPLE WHO MENTIONED:	JUNE '78	OCT. '78	APR. '79
INFLATION	66%	52%	61%
ENERGY	8%	8%	19%
THE SITUATION			8%
OUR LEADERSHIP			3%
TAXES	14%	5%	
JOBS	14%	5%	6%
CRIME			3%

U.S. to ...

Optimism and self-confidence are as inherently American as the right to the pursuit of happiness. Just two years ago, most people responded to a TIME poll by saying they believed that the nation's problems were no worse than usual, that inflation would probably subside or a least get no worse, and that newly elected President Carter was a man in whom they could fully place their trust. That sunny view of the nation's affairs has been giving way to a gloomy and even slightly fearful mood. Haunted by anxiety about continually rising prices, which hit a painful annual rate of 9.5% during the first quarter of this year, plus a heightened concern about energy, supplies and nuclear safety, Americans have turned increasingly sour on their own prospects. Specifically, they have become more pessimistic that Carter or any other politician will be able to cure the most pressing of their problems, inflation.

These are among the findings of a survey of 1,024 people com-

pleted this month for TIME by the opinion research firm of Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc. The poll found that a record low 23% of those questioned feel things are going well in this country, compared with 45% in June 1977. The poll also found that Carter, who rose substantially in popularity in the wake of his Camp David meetings last September with

Anwar

Sadat and Menachem Begin, has again fallen into low esteem in the country. The President has lost important ground to all his political opponents.

The main concern of Americans polled continues to be the rate of inflation and the apparent inability of the Government to cope with it. Nearly two-thirds of those questioned placed inflation at the very top of their list of worries, while more traditional fears like crime in the streets dropped sharply. The state of general gloom seemed to be deepened by the people's belated realization that the nation's energy problems are genuine. Sixty-three percent said they now worry a lot about an energy shortage, indicating that Carter has perhaps convinced the nation of the severity of this problem, if not of his competence to solve it.

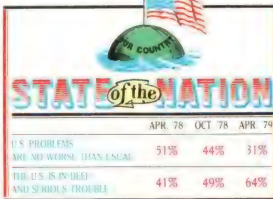
Out of these apprehensions comes the belief by 64% of the sample that "the country is in deep and serious trouble," an opinion shared by only 41% one year ago.

On a more personal level, concern about paying bills has risen, as has anxiety about the inability to save for the future. Nearly half of those questioned reported having to dip into what savings they have to make ends meet. More than one-third have trimmed their gifts to charity because of higher living costs. Twenty-one percent say they have taken second jobs, and 32% of the men say their wives have gone out to work to bring in extra money.

All over the country, Americans have begun making small changes in life-styles to deal with rising prices. In Pittsburgh, for example, Newspaper Reporter Helen Kaiser abandoned her dream of having a band perform at her wedding next month.

Says she: "I've decided to tape the music in advance and play it over the speaker system." While stores in citadels of wealth like Beverly Hills report booming business, others in similar areas in Texas say that even their wealthier clients are cutting back. One Neiman-Marcus saleswoman has just transferred from the high-fashion department to a moderately priced dress section where, she says, "I see all my old customers."

The basic problem for most people is the price of food. Says Judy Carey of Little Rock, Ark.: "For one thing, I quit buying ground beef. The junk food had



to go. And we're using leftovers wherever we can. Yesterday we had a chef's salad for dinner. Sunday it was a casserole because we can get two meals out of it." Philadelphia Quality Control Technician Leo Valz has tired of supplying expensive snacks for his three children. Solution: do-it-yourself pizzas costing \$16 for 24 shells, a big can of tomato sauce and a big bag of cheese. Says Valz: "A nighttime snack doesn't break our backs any more. I just wish they sold make-it-yourself steaks."

Some consumer groups advocate that a one-day-a-week beef boycott be organized to resist meat increases, which amounted to 110% at an annual rate for hamburger in the past three months. But beef producers retort that this will only aggravate the long-run shortage by discouraging the building of new beef herds. One Georgia grocery-store manager reports on his customers' switching to cheaper meats. "They're not boycotting beef, they just wish they could afford it."

Second on most people's list of price problems comes the cost of fuel. For new car buyers, this produced a high demand for gas-saving automobiles. In New England, the use of wood to replace high-priced oil has grown so much that last week New Hampshire was forced to establish a lottery for woodcutting privileges in state-owned forests.

What could be done? The Yankelovich survey showed that the public favors a variety of rather stringent measures to curb inflation. Half of those surveyed said mandatory price controls would help check inflation, even though popular opposition is usually considered one of the main reasons why controls haven't worked well in the past. Slightly more than half of the respondents said some sort of restriction on the use of credit cards would help, as would putting a ceiling on housing prices.

A pronounced protectionist sentiment also emerged from the survey. Fifty-seven percent said adding a tax to imported goods to bring them into line with American-made products would help control prices. On the other hand, more than 60% rejected limiting the availability of mortgages as a way to control housing prices, and nearly 90% turned down a tax increase as a way of reducing total demand for goods.

To the extent that Americans perceive government spending to be a cause of inflation, they want it cut back. Despite the opposition of most political and economic leaders, they favor by a ratio of 50 to 31 the controversial idea of a constitutional amendment to balance the federal budget. And if it turned out that peacemaking efforts abroad required increased taxes, half the respondents would rather have that part of the budget cut. As for their personal spending, 63% said they would accept a pay freeze if they could have stable prices rather than continued inflation.

As pervasive as is the concern about

Carter vs. Reagan: Dead Heat

One of the enduring truisms of American politics has been that an incumbent President wields all but overwhelming political power. This axiom holds that almost any challenge to a President has only the barest chance of succeeding. But this pattern may be changing. In the case of Jimmy Carter, his incumbency—and the fact that he is thus blamed for every national problem—may be his biggest electoral handicap.

Matching Carter against a series of potential political opponents, the Yankelovich survey for TIME shows the President able to achieve only a tie with the leading Republican contender, Ronald Reagan. This represents a significant improvement in Reagan's standing against Carter's in the national polls.

Asked to choose between the two men as candidates for President, those questioned in the survey divided evenly, 42% for each man, with 16% undecided. In this test matching, Carter managed to better Reagan only in the Midwest, while losing the Northeast, the West and even his native South to the former California Governor.

Reagan, despite a recent lull in his own campaign efforts, is still the favorite of his party, according to the Yankelovich survey. Twenty-eight percent of Republicans said they preferred Reagan as the G.O.P. nominee, while 24% said they would make former President Gerald Ford their first choice, even though

Ford has said he will not actively seek the nomination. Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker ranked third in the preference poll with 14%, while former Democratic Texas Governor (and former Treasury Secretary) John Connally placed fourth with 10% of those questioned. One understandable handicap for some of the likely Republican contenders at this early stage is that they are far from household names. Even Baker, despite his prominent Senate position, is unknown to 51% of all voters. Far less known are Texan George Bush (65%) and Illinois' Philip Crane (70%).


Inside his own party, Carter remained a distant second choice for the nomination. Senator Edward M. Kennedy, the poll showed, would defeat the incumbent President by a large margin. Kennedy led Carter among Democrats and independents by a stunning 56% to 30%. Last fall, after his successes at Camp David, Carter had reduced Kennedy's lead to ten points, but the gap has widened again. Every region of the country, again including the South, gave

Kennedy an advantage, as did Democrats of all ideological stripes, including those calling themselves conservatives.

Some of Carter's top aides profess confidence that Kennedy would lose if he challenged the President. Said one high-ranking aide: "If he runs, Jimmy will beat him, and I think Kennedy knows that." Others disagree. Said one party operative worried about potential Kennedy strength in New Hampshire: "I think he'll beat Carter 2 to 1, even with a write-in campaign." Kennedy's supporters have begun organizing just such a campaign in the nation's first primary state, despite efforts by the Massachusetts Senator to stop them. Another pro-Kennedy effort has sprung up recently in Iowa without the Senator's approval.

Paired against California Governor Jerry Brown, the President also shows a slide in popularity. Carter still leads Brown 44% to 37% among Democrats and independents, but the margin has been cut in half since a year ago.

Carter's weakness is at least partly rooted in a growing desire for more authoritative presidential leadership. The survey showed that despite the ideological gulf that separates the two men, a surprising half of the backers of both Reagan and Kennedy found the other candidate acceptable as a future President.

		
IF THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION WERE HELD TODAY, WHOM WOULD YOU PREFER AS THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE?		
	JUNE 78 APR. 79	
CARTER	31%	30%
KENNEDY	54%	56%

CARTER	49%	44%
BROWN	30%	37%
IF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION WERE HELD TODAY, FOR WHOM WOULD YOU VOTE?		
	JUNE 78 APR. 79	
CARTER	44%	42%
REAGAN	41%	42%

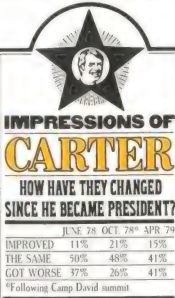
Nation

prices, the prospect of high unemployment seems no less frightening. By 38% to 29%, respondents said they would rather deal with high inflation than high joblessness. At the same time, only 6% said they felt loss of jobs was a currently urgent issue and only 2% volunteered that a recession was of immediate concern.

When asked to choose between conflicting energy policies, 53% said they would prefer gasoline rationing to an increase of 50¢ per gal. in the price of gas. Some 75% said that increasing all oil prices, as President Carter plans, would not help discourage excessive use. Nearly two-thirds felt that closing gasoline stations would do nothing to limit the consumption of gasoline.

On the question of nuclear power, Americans were predictably undecided. With the Three Mile Island nuclear plant accident still fresh in their minds, 42% said the dangers of a nuclear accident concerned them a lot. Yet when confronted with the choice of building more nuclear power plants "even in neighborhoods such as your own" or facing a serious energy shortage, more than half said they would prefer building more plants.

Beyond the choices and concerns about the national economy lies a more difficult and perhaps more damaging problem: the corrosive effects that continued inflation have on the political and psychological atmosphere. Throughout the country, people are finding that despite rising incomes their economic situation is either stagnating or worsening, leading to feelings of having been cheated. Observes Duquesne University Sociologist Wayne Youngquist: "Inflation takes all the old rules and invalidates them. It creates an unstable, speculative, spend-thrift mentality and causes the erosion of social values. As a result, the electorate is



extremely volatile. Voters have become like unguided missiles as they try to figure out how to have an effect."

According to the Yankelovich survey 53% of the people questioned agreed fully with the statement: "People who work hard and live by the rules are not getting a fair deal these days." More than a third agreed that "people like yourself are powerless to change things in the country."

Plainly, this resentment is not unguided. It is targeted directly on Jimmy Carter. Most striking is the decline in the trust the President inspires in the country, a political quality that has been the hallmark both of his candidacy and his two years in office. Less than a majority of those polled

said they think Carter is a leader they can trust. Even among Democrats, only 48% gave the President their undiminished loyalty, and 50% or more in each section of the country said they had doubts and reservations about his trustworthiness.

In the first few months of his presidency Carter impressed many people with his performance; 82% now say their impressions of Carter have either remained the same or worsened. More than one-third of those who voted for him in 1976 say their opinion of Carter has declined since his election.

The prime factor behind this decline is his handling of the economy. Forty-two percent gave his economic policies as the reason for lowering their opinions of the President. Thirty-one percent blamed his overall lack of leadership and 23% listed his management of the energy situation. Asked specifically if they had a lot of confidence in the President's handling of the economy, a mere 8% said yes, compared with 33% when he took office.

The results on the energy question were a disappointment for the President as well. Only 14% expressed a lot of confidence on that score, while 41% said they had no real confidence at all.

The post-Camp David surge in the President's popularity has not been repeated after his triumph in the Middle East. While half of the sample reported some confidence in Carter diplomacy, only 27% said they had a lot of confidence, and slightly less than a quarter said they had no confidence at all. Any hope the President has of bolstering his flagging popularity with new foreign policy triumphs, like the impending SALT II agreement, thus seems rather empty.

The SALT treaty itself still does not command support from a majority of the country, but the trend since last June seems to be toward greater acceptance. Forty-one percent now say the treaty should be signed, compared with only 32% nearly a year ago, while the percentage of those who feel the treaty is too risky has declined in the ten months from 56% to 48%. Some 37% still feel that the Soviet Union would be the chief beneficiary of the treaty.

As the President's popularity has declined, the mood of pessimism in the country has increased, creating ominous signals both for a second Carter term and for inflation itself. Fifty-one percent now believe that with Carter in the White House inflation will get worse, as compared with less than 10% who think that he will be able to stop inflation. That kind of lack of expectations is self-fulfilling: economists say that people alter their lifestyles in anticipation of ever higher prices. This pessimistic mood extends beyond the Carter presidency. Not more than 17% feel that any other President, Republican or Democrat, will be able to stop the inflationary spiral.



If Moscow Cheats at SALT

Would the U.S. be able to detect it?

From a super-secret missile test base at Tyuratam, near the Aral Sea, a Soviet SS-18 intercontinental ballistic missile roars from its silo, hurtling its ten warheads 5,000 miles toward a target area in the western Pacific. The heat of the rocket's blast triggers infrared sensors aboard a U.S. spy satellite 22,000 miles above Tyuratam. Within seconds, other U.S. facilities are alerted and computer-run electronic equipment on land, planes and ships locks onto the SS-18, monitoring its flight and performance.

This is how the U.S. has been keeping watch on the size, power and other essential characteristics of the Soviet strategic arsenal. Through such observations, Washington would have been able to be pretty confident that Moscow was not cheating under the terms of SALT II. But whether the U.S. can continue to monitor Soviet tests with the same certitude is now being questioned, especially by key U.S. Senators concerned about the loss of two important CIA listening posts in northern Iran. Such worries are making verification a major issue in the SALT II debate even before the treaty has been fully negotiated. Though clearly in its final stages, the accord remains blocked by a few issues that U.S. and Soviet diplomats hope to resolve in the next few days.

In the Senate, top Administration officials have come under close questioning about verification. The results have been confusing. First, CIA Director Stansfield Turner, testifying at a closed hearing, told the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence that the U.S. would not be able to fully replace the monitoring capabilities lost in Iran until 1984. After this gloomy assessment was leaked last week, Defense Secretary Harold Brown tried to sound more encouraging. He said that even though "regaining all of [the Iranian] monitoring capability... will take until 1983 or 1984," the U.S. will have "enough of it to verify adequately Soviet compliance with the provisions of SALT II [in] about a year."

This hardly stilled the controversy, for Brown appeared to be implying that there would be a yearlong gap in U.S. verification capability. In a clarification the next day, he stressed that while it might take a year to replace the Iranian capabilities that affected SALT, "our verification of Soviet missile developments never consisted solely of monitoring from Iran." Said Brown: "Considering the variety of our monitoring techniques... I'm convinced that we're going to be able to verify a SALT agreement from the moment it is signed and ratified."

Many of the techniques to which Brown referred are highly classified, but certain facts are known. One of the most important monitoring devices is the spy satellite. Constantly on watch, because of

its ability to remain over one place for months, it can not only detect bursts of heat with infrared sensors but also record developments with extraordinarily accurate cameras. These photographs can reveal strategically important changes being made at Soviet missile silos, like modification of the launcher size, and unusual traffic to and from a suspected new missile site. Another of the satellite's most important functions is to tune in on electronic data being relayed from missiles to Soviet tracking stations during tests.

But the U.S. can install considerably more electronic gear in ground listening

and radar installation on Shemya Island in the Aleutians. What made the Iranian posts especially valuable was their proximity to the launch site, thus assuring very accurate reception of telemetry, the performance data being beamed by the test missile. The huge cavedropping antennas of the Kabkan base in Iran were almost on the Soviet border, only about 650 miles from the Tyuratam test range. By contrast, the Turkish sites are farther from the U.S.S.R. test area, and the Soviet missiles' electronic transmissions are partly blocked by mountains.

While satellites and ground posts gather the bulk of the information to verify Soviet compliance with SALT, some data are also provided by the high-flying U-2 and SR-71 aircraft and the Navy's electronic intelligence vessels. And, of



U.S. radar on Caspian Sea monitored Soviet missile launchings until closed by Iran

Confusing signals about how long it will take Washington to replace these installations.

posts than can be carried by satellites. This is especially important in monitoring missile launchings and impacts. The sensitive equipment, like sophisticated radar, can calculate an ICBM's length and diameter and thus contribute significantly to SALT II verification. Reason: under the expected terms of the accord, if such dimensions are increased or decreased by more than 5%, the weapon would have to be designated as a "new type" of missile and be subject to a sharp limitation on deployment. (Some critics of SALT caution that the margin of error in measurement still makes it impossible to determine whether Soviet missiles exceed the size limits.)

Missile takeoffs are monitored by ground bases to the west. With the closing of the two sites in Iran, the bases in Turkey are the nearest to the Soviet Union. The impact areas in the Pacific and on the U.S.S.R.'s Kamchatka Peninsula are watched by the massive radio

course, the U.S. still employs such non-technical means as having covert agents in the U.S.S.R. and using Moscow-based diplomats to scrutinize the weaponry paraded through Red Square on May Day.

All U.S. intelligence-gathering sources pick up an enormous amount of information not necessarily related to SALT. These functions, explained Administration officials, were what Director Turner was referring to when he told the Senate committee that it would take until 1984 to replace the Iranian bases. What the Administration did not want to explain was exactly how the U.S. expects to be able to substitute so quickly for the SALT tasks of the Iranian sites.

There is good reason for the Administration's reluctance to talk. Said the Library of Congress's senior defense specialist John Collins: "The public will see just the tip of the iceberg because 90% of verification won't show up in the press. It's highly classified and it ought to stay that way."

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

It Began with a Cigarette

Nearly ten years ago, a small band of wary Americans boarded an air-worn converted C-141 tanker. They roared off into the night from Andrews Air Force Base, held their ears from the shattering sound, chewed on half-cooked steaks, and eleven hours later stumbled onto the Helsinki tarmac as the November sun set. It was the U.S. advance guard sent to begin talking with the Soviet Union about limiting strategic nuclear arms. Delegation Chief Gerard Smith turned on his hotel TV and watched the Soviets get off their train. Where will it all end? he wondered.

Starchy and suspicious, the Americans and their Soviet counterparts gathered next day at a long, polished table, read pompous statements to one another and still wondered what the hell was going to happen. David Aaron, disarmament planner—now a White House presence—reached across the table to light the cigarette of a Russian and dozens of bored cameramen came alive. Snap, click, whirr. Around the world a thin ray of hope shone from the morning's front pages immortalizing the symbolic U.S.-Soviet cooperation. By evening, with a little vodka under their collective belts, there was reason to believe the two superpowers might at last see the folly of a nuclear arms race and find some formula by which to limit it.

The search for the accommodation has been the central theme of U.S. policy for a decade, never more intense than these days, and never more troubled. Now that an agreement appears imminent, the debate in the capital is obsessive, pushing aside economics for the moment, as if the nation's historic rise or decline depended on it. A few will tell you that is the case. The political eddies from SALT I and now the near born SALT II have altered old alliances, and thrown this town into confusion.

The evening SALT I was agreed on in 1972, Henry Kissinger called reporters to a midnight briefing in an empty Moscow nightclub, and when the questions of numbers of missiles and bombers came up, he called for the U.S. to begin a dialogue. What did it mean to be able to kill another nation ten or 100 times over? It is one of the many ironies that Kissinger today is in deep doubt about the treaty he helped launch, and has become a rallying point for what is potentially the most serious defection from treaty support—a range of moderate political leaders and their bright young aides who understand the complexities of the weaponry.

Schism has developed at the Pentagon. Publicly the warriors fall in loyally behind Jimmy Carter, but privately some of them decry his disarmament crusade, believing that at times his fervor to reduce weapons makes him unheeding of the nuclear statistics, which the Soviets have altered in these ten years.

Because the entire controversy may boil down to America's faith in itself and in Jimmy Carter, the White House is gradually gearing up the nation's defense planning and spending. Within a few weeks Carter will decide whether the next step in ballistic missile planning should focus on movable barges, trucks, air planes, or a network of underground silos where missiles can be randomly moved about. New ideas tumble over one another. There are those who are now convinced that the old submarine in Carter is quietly pushing for our major deterrent to be roving under the oceans. We lead the Soviets in that silent world and are rushing ahead with exotic new weapons barely speculated upon. Carter's idealism is being grafted to a more muscular body. But is this process taking place fast enough?

A White House man deeply involved believes we are now probing the issues that will shape the future of the U.S. How this agreement emerges, what strategic forces we decide we need, and what wealth and resources we commit will affect every other U.S. program. "We may know more about ourselves through this debate than we have in many years."



U.S. and Soviet negotiators light up at start of 1969 talks

Leach's Lash

Battling big bureaucracy

Who is the most hated man in Washington? There may be many contenders, but there is only one champion: James Leach, 36, a hitherto little-known Republican Congressman from Iowa. Last fall Leach committed the heinous sin of persuading Congress to pass two bureaucracy-busting amendments to the Civil Service Reform Act. One requires the Government to reduce its civilian work force by Sept. 30 to the level of two years ago and maintain it for three years—a cut of 29,000 employees. The second amendment orders the Administration to think up ways of shipping part of the Federal Government out of town.

The order to reduce the body bureaucratic has Washington in a turmoil, although the cuts could be accomplished quite painlessly by replacing only three out of every four people who routinely leave Government. Officials are blaming Leach for everything that goes wrong. "So you're the one who has ruined my department," grumped Energy Secretary James Schlesinger on meeting the determined Congressman.

In appropriation hearings, witnesses from the Environmental Protection Agency claimed that they were unable to control toxic substances because they could not hire enough staff. HEW lamented that it could not correct abuse and error because of missing personnel in its newly created Inspector General's office. What reason did the scandal-ridden General Services Administration give for not speeding up its investigations? Because of Leach, there was a paucity of gumshoes.

The outcry is not too convincing since President Carter has increased the federal payroll by 112,000 jobs after eight years of Republican rule eliminated 115,000 posts. Admits Alan Campbell, chief of the Office of Personnel Management: "The ceilings are creating some need for reshuffling and reassigning of employees, but people can live within the limits and still perform their functions."

Bureaucrats also quail at the threat of having to leave Washington. Leach would like to rusticate Energy to Colorado, Agriculture to Iowa, coincidentally Leach's home state. Says he: "This would give bureaucrats the opportunity to live under the rules they write and see firsthand the too often counterproductive efforts of a well-meaning Uncle Sam." Could be. But there is not much chance of the bureaucracy bugging that far, not even to appease the most hated man in Washington.



■ Reformer Leach

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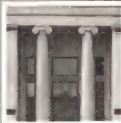
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Man Against Woman

"Palimony" suits for sums and lovers

It was pure Hollywood from start to finish. Fading torch singer moves in with tough-guy actor, and for six years their brawling, bibulous romance careers from movie locations to vacation spas to a Malibu beach house. Then, in 1970, he kicks her out and marries his high school sweetheart. His snuffed flame sues for half the \$3.6 million he earned during their relationship, and their affair is recounted in steamy detail during eleven weeks of testimony.

The drama of Singer Michelle Triola Marvin vs. Actor Lee Marvin was closely watched by unwedded couples and ex-couples across the land because of the precedent involved: Michelle's basic argument was that she was entitled to a share of Lee's money, just as a wife would be. Deciding the case in Los Angeles superior court, Judge Arthur K. Marshall last week provided an anticlimactic ending. He denied that Michelle had an explicit or implied contract with Lee that entitled her to a portion of his property. But then the judge gave her a going-away present. Noting that Michelle was on unemployment



Marvin was nicked

and that her chances of re-summing her singing career were "doubtful," he awarded her \$104,000 "for rehabilitation purposes . . . to re-educate herself and to learn new, employable skills."

Both sides claimed victory. "I'm proud to have paved the way for other women who have relationships such as mine," declared Michelle. 46. Retorted Lee, 55: "We won on all counts."

To one New York law professor, the award was the equivalent of "severance pay." Said Sidney Traxler, a Beverly Hills family law specialist: "A new element has been thrown into the hopper. Suddenly all women filing these suits will have need for rehabilitation. The judge in effect gave her disguised alimony."

Small as it was, the award may encourage more "palimony" suits. As many as 1,000 have been filed in California alone. Courts in at least 17 other states have ruled that under certain cir-

cumstances, former live-in friends can sue their old partners for benefits, while four state courts have rejected the notion. Many unmarried couples have begun drawing up "prenuptial agreements" and "cohabitation contracts."

The trial has an epilogue befitting a grade-B movie. Thanks to the publicity, Marvin is getting more film offers than ever before. Michelle has a contract to write a book. And Marvin Mitchelson, her lawyer, has received a \$25,000 advance for a book of his own, and his law business has tripled. Its legal ramifications may be unclear, but *Marvin vs. Marvin* has proved once again that grime usually pays in Tinseltown.

Another prominent palimony target won a clear-cut victory last week. British Rock Star Peter Frampton, 28, had been sued by his onetime girlfriend Penny McCall, 30, for 50% of his earnings between 1973 and 1978, a half-interest in a 53-acre estate in Westchester County, N.Y., and a portion of his future income. But New York State Supreme Court Judge Joseph F. Gagliardi noted that the litigant had neglected to get divorced before moving in with Frampton. He threw the case out. Not to do so, he said, would be to condone adultery, still a crime in New York.



Frampton was freed

Man Against Machine

In the struggle against the perversity of inanimate objects, man seldom emerges victorious. But on two fronts there shines a glimmer of hope.

Few things are more frustrating than a vending machine that sits in smug silence after gobbling a harried human's coins. Michael DeNardo of Cranston, R.I., is not one to put up with such machinations. When an automaton at the foundry where he worked failed to pro-

duce the requested coffee, and the coin-return lever offered no peaceful settlement, DeNardo belted the contraption.

All he got was an injured arm. Although he was clearly hurt in the line of duty for his fellow man, the Workmen's Compensation Commission turned down his claim for benefits. The state supreme court, however, was more sympathetic. It ruled that in the turbulence of the machine age, what DeNardo did was "a permitted act" and he should be paid compensation, the full amount to be later determined. Right on.

The innocent-looking house by the side of the Florida road was in little danger of getting a speeding ticket: it was clocked at only 28 m.p.h. But a seemingly stationary palm tree was zipping along at a frightening 86 m.p.h. Or so recorded a radar unit, similar to ones used by police, that was tested for accuracy by Miami television station WTVJ. After the demonstration exposed such ludicrous errors, Judge Alfred Nesbitt ordered 950 speeding cases held in abeyance while he began a hearing on whether or not to accept radar readings as evidence.

Experts lined up in Nesbitt's courtroom last week to testify against the electronic nemesis of motorists. "Radar is highly inaccurate, and the officers who use it are grossly undertrained," claimed former Traffic Cop Rod Dornis. Said Dale Smith, who used to manufacture the units and is now a consultant for Fuzzbuster radar detectors: "Our experience shows that radar is probably wrong 30% of the time." That comes as no surprise to many an aggrieved driver, let alone maligned houses and palm trees in Florida. Bring back the cop on the motorcycle.

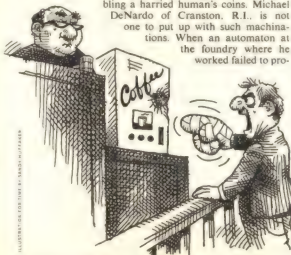


ILLUSTRATION FOR THE TIME BY RANDY HOFFMAN

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No Longer the Promised Land

Mennonites lose Texas ranch on which they had staked all

David Klassen pumps \$2 worth of gas into a farmer's battered pickup, takes the money and eases back onto the hood of his car. He wipes his greasy hands on his blue jeans and squints into the bright west Texas sun. "Maybe I'll go back to Mexico," he says. "I don't know. I've talked to the lawyers and the immigration people, and I just don't know who to believe any more."

Klassen, 35, a mechanic and part owner of a gas station in Seminole, Texas (pop. 7,000), is an illegal alien from Mexico. But he is different from the hundreds of thousands of Mexicans who annually sneak across the border. Klassen is a Mennonite, one of 650 members of the reclusive religious sect who settled

olies and established Protestant churches. Devout and pacifist, the Mennonites repeatedly had to flee persecution; some groups from Germany and The Netherlands ultimately migrated to Russia and then to the New World. This time, however, the reasons for moving were more secular. The Canadian Mennonites were tired of the long, cold winters, while members of an offshoot colony in Chihuahua complained of being harassed by their Mexican neighbors.

Bishop Henry Reimer, the Mennonites' spiritual leader, visited farm land in Missouri and Oklahoma before deciding on west Texas—in part because someone in Texas apparently assured him that his people would automatically receive

lieve, they had entered the country on 60-day tourist visas and would have to leave. Although their first crop had already been planted, they were forbidden to work, even for themselves. The Mennonites won a temporary reprieve when the INS extended their departure deadline in order to let them harvest their crops. A second reprieve came when Senator Lloyd Bentsen, at the urging of the Seminole community, introduced a special bill into Congress on their behalf. It stated that although the Mennonites did not meet existing INS conditions for immigration (such as relatives already in the country or job skills that Americans do not have), they should be allowed to stay.

The Mennonites got their first crop in, but it was not much of a crop. For one, oil companies owned the water rights to the greater part of their land, and that limited their ability to irrigate. They could not meet a \$225,000 mortgage payment. This month the ranch was put up at public auction, and former Owner Dennis Nix and his bank bought it back for \$1,151,000. After losing most of their life savings, the Mennonites still face deportation, since it is considered doubtful that Bentsen's bill will pass.

Who is responsible for the debacle? "It just doesn't make sense to me that a group of law-abiding people like the Mennonites would come in here on tourist visas and settle down and start farming," says Seminole Mayor Bob Clark. "They were just getting some bad advice—or someone was deceiving them." Says Reimer: "Rumors, rumors, all is rumors. But I cannot explain to them myself how it happened." Says Seth Woltz, a real estate appraiser who helped sell the Mennonites the land: "They had very few questions about the deal when we closed it. As far as their immigrant rights—what do I know about immigration?"

Lawyers have advised the Mennonites that no laws were broken and that they must live with their mistake. But the group has deposited Reimer, a drastic step for their communal church. Many Mennonites, disillusioned with their church hierarchy, have also stopped attending Sunday services. "I'll tell you the truth," says Klassen. "Us Mennonites are not true Christians any more because of all this trouble. There's no love between us."

Despite the deportation sentence hanging over them, the Mennonites have moved off the Seven-O Ranch and settled in or near Seminole. They live in small frame houses or trailers scattered about town. Mennonite schools have sprung up. While the women in their traditional loose-fitting dresses do the baking and sewing chores, most of the men, who have taken to cowboy boots and hats, labor as welders, mechanics and carpenters. "They are the hardest working people I've ever seen," says one Seminole resident. "I thought those kind of people had disappeared."



An abandoned Mennonite farmhouse on the Seven-O Ranch near Seminole, Texas

"They were just getting some bad advice—or someone was deceiving them."

in the dusty plains country in the spring of 1977. Through a combination of bad advice and their own gullibility, the law-abiding Mennonites have since found themselves stranded on the wrong side of the law.

It all began at a Mennonite caucus in Canada where the church members decided that they would look for a new promised land, a remote country in which to found a farming colony. Such migrations are nothing new to the Mennonites, who number about 600,000 worldwide. Founded in 1525 in Zurich, Switzerland, and named for Menno Simons, a Roman Catholic priest who became their most famous leader, the group insisted on voluntary adult baptism, which earned it the hostility of both Cath-

U.S. citizenship if they bought land there. Settlers from both Canada and Mexico then sold their homes, pooled their savings and paid \$455,000 down (\$264 an acre, about \$70 more per acre than the going price) on the \$1.7 million, 6,400-acre Seven-O Ranch outside of Seminole, a town that calls itself "the city with a future." They drew lots for the land, planted a crop of cotton and converted an old ranch building into a school. Says Frank Wiebe: "All my life I have thought about the time when I would have my own land. It was like a dream come true."

Then the troubles started. First came the letters from the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service. They informed the unsuspecting Mennonites that contrary to what they had been led to be-



Lawns and streets are submerged as floodwaters lap at rooftops in a fashionable neighborhood of Jackson, Miss.

The Pearl Proves Costly

Tamed years ago by the building of Ross Barnett Dam and Reservoir four miles north of Jackson, Miss., the Pearl River has been a placid, peaceful stream. But last week unwary residents along its banks scrambled to get out of the way of its onrushing water. In some of Jackson's finest neighborhoods, owners of \$100,000 to \$200,000 homes frantically heaved furniture and other possessions onto their rooftops as the river spilled 25 ft. over flood stage and lapped at the eaves. Residents in boats actually had to look down at nearly submerged street signs to know where they were. As 17,000 people fled, parts of Jackson's downtown business area were inundated. Mayor Dale Danks estimated damage at up to \$500 million.

The cause of the worst flood in the history of Missis-

sippi's capital city was a series of torrential rains (19 in.) during the week before Easter. The runoff water threatened to burst the Barnett Dam, forcing the Army Corps of Engineers to make a hard choice: 1) it could restrain the flow, gambling that the dam would hold, but risking a catastrophe if it did not; 2) it could ease pressure by releasing controlled amounts of water, pushing the Pearl over its levees and into Jackson. It chose the second.

There was serious flooding too in Alabama, where the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers similarly rose under the impact of the rainstorms, but fewer people were endangered. Also hard hit by springtime flooding were parts of Texas, Minnesota and North Dakota. Fortunately, there was little loss of life. Though saddened by the destruction, a Jackson couple were philosophical as they waded up to their waists in the den of their home. "These are just material possessions," said Elsie Defore to her husband. "We still have each other."



Surging river shortens a basketball shot, threatens shelves of shoes, almost covers street sign in Mississippi capital

Special Report



The glistening beach of Praia da Rocha in southern Portugal, which is this year's greatest travel bargain for Americans

Europe: Off the Beaten Track

Despite the wilting dollar, good vacations are still affordable

Skip the Ritz. Bypass London, Paris, Rome, Madrid, Munich, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Athens. Head for the byways. Seek out country inns, *auberges*, *Gasthäuser*, bedsiters, farms, pensions, *pousadas* and *paradores*. This is the year of the offbeat, off-beaten-track European vacation.

As a result of airfare deregulation, getting there has never been cheaper. In some countries, notably Portugal, Italy and Greece, the dollar will go farther than it did two years ago. And, while the greenback continues to wilt elsewhere, it can still be stretched to wrap a memorable, moderately priced vacation. In fact, for the traveler who will settle for country candles over city lights, who has an appetite for food and drink modest only in price, this kind of vacation can be more rewarding than the traditional tour of the fleshpots. It will take him to towns as old as civilization, to architectural monuments, archaeological sites and little-known museums, uncrowded beaches and country fairs, superlative fishing, golf, tennis, hiking, biking, train rides and other forms of exploration and conviviality that do not come with a \$100-a-day hotel room. Says Rene Hardy, an official of the French tourist bureau: "What is asked of today's tourist is that he be more curious and clever than he used to be."

To be sure, most visitors will want at least to see the big cities, if not to tarry in

them. Thus the Strategic American Traveler (SAT) is well advised to find pleasant bases within easy distance of capitals, at prices lower than at any stateside Holiday Inn. In many countries, excellent railroads and mass transit provide fast, cheap transportation, particularly if the visitor takes advantage of the low-cost passes available to foreigners.

Country-to-country tips from TIME correspondents:

PORTUGAL. YOU CAN AFFORD IT IN PORTUGAL, according to the travel ads. Depending on the it, *é verdade!* It's true. In the past five years, the escudo has been devalued against the dollar by nearly 90%, making Portugal Europe's greatest tourist bargain for Americans. Escudos apart, the Indiana-size country has always been one of the Continent's most charming retreats, with diversions that include sophisticated casinos and primitive villag-



In southern Spain, a man-made lake carries boaters through old Seville's Maria Luisa Park



Mountains look down on Scotland's Loch Katrine, setting for Novelist Walter Scott's *The Lady of the Lake*

es, superb beaches, great architecture, hearty meals and good wine.

There are a number of package tours, notably "Sportugal," which include golf, tennis and big-game fishing, hotel room and rental car for seven days for \$360, and a wine tour that takes the visitor through the vineyards to the great port houses of Oporto. The best way to see the country is to rent a car and stay at the attractive, state-run *pousadas*. Some of them are in modernized medieval buildings and cost around \$27 a day for double room and bath. One of the handsomest, Pousada dos Loios, is in the south central town of Evora, famous for its Roman ruins and Moorish architecture. At some seaside villages the visitor can rent a fisherman's

cottage for as little as \$250 a month.

The cuisine is not *haute*, but it is plentiful and fresh, based largely on fish and pork—though the little-traveled Minho region in the far north, the so-called Garden of Portugal, produces tender beef and the celebrated *vinho verde*. A good three-course meal for two with wine costs \$20 or less in better-than-average restaurants.

SPAIN. Though once-cheap Spain gets more expensive each year, enjoyable vacations are still to be had at reasonable prices. Away from overpopulated, overpriced resorts like Torremolinos and Benidorm, the Mediterranean coast is full of inexpensive surprises. One unspoiled Almerian village is Mojacar, a dazzling white nest perched on a hill some two

miles from the coast, commanding panoramic views of the sea, valley and mountains, with excellent beaches near by. It has two three-star hotels, the Mojacar and the Moresco (\$25 for a double with bath). Dinner for two at several good restaurants should cost \$15 to \$20, while the beach cafés will serve a lunch of fried fish, *paella*, salad and a jug of wine for half that. Farther up the coast are Puerto de Mazarron and La Manga del Mar Menor, which has a new casino and two championship golf courses. In most villages there are summer festivals, many celebrating the lively local folk arts.

Spain, like Portugal, has a superlative nationwide network of state-owned inns, called *paradores*, which is celebrating its 50th anniversary this year. They are mostly in old castles, palaces or monasteries; all have good restaurants serving the specialties of the region and require advance registration. At Alarcón, for example, on the road to Valencia from Madrid, the Parador Marques de Villena is a 10th-century turreted castle, where a lucky visitor may rent a tower bedroom for \$22 a night.

ENGLAND. Sir Freddie Laker will get you to London for only \$135 from New York City (\$199 from Los Angeles), but the bargain stops there. Only stylites, vegetarians and teetotalers are likely to find affordable food and lodging in the capital these days (though first-rate theater tickets cost \$10 or less). The answer is to take off for the incomparable countryside, its glowing market towns and villages, cathedrals, festivals—and friendly inns, pubs and restaurants.

One memorable escape route is the Coventry-Stratford-Cotswolds Loop, a drive of 200 to 300 miles that can take a



In Ireland's County Wexford, Bargo Castle, a Norman fortress, is now a comfortable hotel



The azure Mediterranean laps a beach on Lipari, one of Italy's secluded Aeolian islands. Pleasures in store for the traveler who will settle for country candles over city lights.

leisurely three or four days, with scarcely a neon sign in sight. (A Leyland Mini rents for about \$100 a week, unlimited mileage, and sips petrol as if it were rare brandy.) Coventry has risen nobly from the ashes of its 1940 bombing. Next to the surviving western spire of the late medieval cathedral stands the great modern cathedral with vertical thrusts of rose-colored stone and Graham Sutherland's striking altar tapestry.

A 13-mile drive south leads to Warwick and its castle, one of Europe's best-preserved medieval fortresses. The venturesome wayfarer might try the Zetland Arms Pub below St. Mary's Church, with clean rooms and the best breakfast in town for \$11 a guest. Less than ten miles south is Stratford-on-Avon. Will Shakespeare is remembered shabbily in a lot of curio shoppes, but magnificently upheld by the Royal Shakespeare Company. The Stratford Hilton (yes, Ophelia, there is a Stratford Hilton) and the Shake-

spere charge about \$65 a night for two. However, a room costs an unbelievable \$12 at the Strathedon, and \$15 at the Falstaff, noted for its robust meals.

On the loop back to London, the Mini practically drives itself through the lush hills and yellow stone villages of the Cotswolds. From Chipping Norton, one can espy an extraordinary edifice, half-castle, half-factory, called the Bliss tweed mill. Bliss it is: the 1872 mill weaves woolen fabrics for some of the world's great tailors and will sell them to the passer-by for about \$10 a yard.

Another enticement out of London is the Stonehenge Spin, which not only takes in the great megalithic monument but leads also to Bath and Salisbury. The trip is best made by train.

An hour or so through the placid West Country from London, Bath in its heyday was the unofficial second capital of England, where royalty, bucks and dandies gambled, flirted and soaked in the mildly radioactive waters that gave the

town its name. The springs (120° F) still gush a quarter of a million gallons a day as they did for the Romans, and for Richard ("Beau") Nash who came to Bath in 1705 and inspired the construction of its great Palladian crescents and squares of honey-gold sandstone. Richard Brinsley Sheridan eloped from 11 Royal Crescent with Elizabeth Linley, whose family later employed a servant girl who was to become the scandalous Lady Hamilton. Horatio Nelson's lover, he lived here too.

Britain's only American museum is in Bath. The city's music and drama festival, from May 18 to June 3, is devoted mostly to baroque composers, but moderns like Janáček and Stravinsky are also performed. A small, comfortable hotel is the Richmond, near the Venetian-style three-arch Pulteney bridge across the Avon (double room with bath, about \$30).



Tourists' quarters in Greece's Santorini

A slow train back from Bath stops at Salisbury (pronounced *Sawls-bry*), whose 13th century gothic cathedral boasts the tallest spire in Britain (404 ft.); it tilts 29½ in. to the southwest. The cathedral houses the best-preserved of only four original copies of the Magna Carta, and the country's oldest working clock, which first tolled time around 1386.

The jolliest lodgings in the British Isles can be bed-and-breakfast in private homes. Reservations can be made through tourist information centers in most cities; a double room averages \$20.

SCOTLAND. Short of spending an entire vacation in Scotland, the Strategic Traveler can take a fast train north to the Highlands for several days of fishing, hunting, golfing, sightseeing and walking on the moors. The braw, bonny Scots pride themselves on their victuals: venison and wild game of all sorts, salmon,



A poplar-lined canal in Burgundy, where a rented barge matches the wine country's pace

Special Report

trout, mackerel and Aberdeen Angus beef, which they seem to cook better than the Sassenachs can in the south.

Stately old Edinburgh is a delight, even—or particularly—outside the jam-packed festival season (Aug. 19–Sept. 8). Sir Walter Scott country and Loch Lomond make a good two-day excursion. A fine place to stay is Greywalls Hotel, 18 miles east of Edinburgh, in the Gullane area, which boasts ten golf courses. For a taste of the real Highlands, there is the rocky county of Ross and Cromarty, which rolls across Scotland from the North Sea to the Atlantic. Strathgarve Lodge at Garve offers deer hunting, fishing, golf and well-wrought meals on a 1,000-acre estate (double room with breakfast \$50).

IRELAND. The west coast is another of the world's beauty spots where dollars are still emerald green. It is caressed by the Gulf Stream, and the summers are usually mild and pleasant. At hostels like the converted Kinsale monastery at the mouth of the Bandon River (double room: \$50), history is in the air, but the comforts are strictly modern. Some west coast castles and stately homes have been transformed into hotels with swimming pools and tennis courts. The salmon and trout, as they say, are beggin' to be caught. No self-respecting village is without its choice of pubs, often with regular folk singing and dancing. A double room in a country inn costs around \$30.

FRANCE. The good news is that the government is giving high priority to the tourist trade. The bad news is that 80% of all Frenchmen still insist on vacationing within France, most of them during July and August. Finding the unspoiled places is largely up to the individual. This means avoiding the Riviera and other trendy areas such as the Dordogne-Périgord, the summer festival towns like Aix-en-Provence, Avignon and Carcassonne.

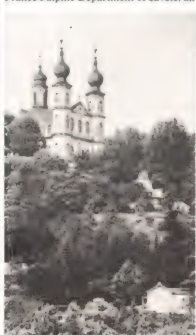
Some of the best of *la belle France* is within convenient reach of Paris. Less than 200 miles south of the capital lie the vine-covered slopes of Burgundy. Rooms and restaurant tables are plentiful. The *grands crus* wines, especially those grown on the Côte d'Or, the Slope of Gold, and the Côte de Beaune can be sampled along with lesser vintages at wine *caves* or the many charming restaurants along the road. The great regional dishes are considerably less expensive than pallid Parisian versions of this essentially peasant food. The one-star Les Gourmets at Marsannay-la-Côte serves a \$12 dinner.

The food, the wine and the sights complement each other. Châteaux and churches along the wine route from Dijon to Beaune are open all day and illuminated at night. Vestiges of the mother of medieval abbeys—the Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul at Cluny, established in 910—still stand. Cluny, together with the 11th century Church of St. Philibert at Tournus and that acropolis of Middle Ages Christianity, the Basilica at Vézé-

lay, along with Burgundy's 505 other churches, are among Europe's great treasures of romanesque architecture.

Burgundy is a region for meandering. Not surprisingly, the houseboat has gained great popularity. Ten companies have set up rent-a-boat fleets along the rivers and canals. For an average \$550 per week, not including food and fuel, in July and August (\$300 off-season) a family crew of four can drift through the region at 4 m.p.h., tying up along the way to picnic or sightsee. Local tourist offices list furnished houses renting from \$175 to \$550 a week for a family of four. Top price for a double room in the Château d'Igée is \$45 a night.

Another summerlong delight is France's alpine Department of Savoie, an



Onion-domed German church in Würzburg
Away from the madding summer hordes.

overnight train trip from Paris. Renowned ski resorts like Chamonix, Megève and Val d'Isère offer competitive prizes and an array of music and dance festivals, mountain climbs, arts and craft seminars and the regional cuisine. A bunk in a mountain hostel goes for around \$4.50, a room at a fashionable resort for \$37 to \$52.

WEST GERMANY. Despite deutsche mark dominance, the Strategic Traveler can do surprisingly well. Rooms are not expensive in certain outlying areas that are themselves worth seeing and are close to major cities. An hour from Munich is Augsburg, home of the Holbein family, whose 1,000-year-old cathedral has the oldest stained glass in Germany. An easy train ride from expensive Heidelberg is Würzburg, a city of baroque architecture and prized wines. Another good base is

Rüdesheim, convenient to the Rhine and the wine country. A three-hour boat ride from Rüdesheim to Koblenz costs \$15 in modern steamers with breath-catching views of castles at almost every bend. A double room in a decent hotel costs between \$25 and \$35 daily; a pension costs about \$10 per person, with breakfast.

Lower Bavaria in the southeast remains largely undiscovered. A lovely old city where the Danube, Ilz and Inn rivers come together, is Passau, a 2½-hour drive from Munich. At the comfortable *Weisser Hase* a double room with breakfast is \$43. Seventy miles up the Danube is Regensburg, Bavaria's first capital, where parts of the Roman wall still stand. The Regensburger Domspatzen (Sparrows of the Cathedral) are considered by many to be the equal of the Vienna Choir Boys.

AUSTRIA. The country is also best explored from small towns and villages near the crowded cities. Rural Austria can be an adventure for city children who think eggs grow in cartons. More than 4,000 farmhouses offer bed, breakfast and participation in farm life, all for between \$5 and \$8 a day. Village pubs serve solid, inexpensive fare, but some farmhouses allow guests to cook simple meals. The light white Austrian wine goes for \$2 a two-liter bottle.

An Austrian curiosity is the 800-year-old Geras Monastery, which offers a wide variety of art courses from icon painting to, yes, nude studies. One-week courses cost between \$80 and \$100; a double room with shower and breakfast, \$18 a night.

DENMARK. The Nordic countries are the most expensive in Europe. Here, too, though, one can find \$40 hotel rooms and low-priced lodging in pristine country within two or three hours of the capitals.

On Zealand, south of Copenhagen, is a Danish vacation village on a Baltic bay with both hotels and apartments for visitors (\$37 a day for a double room; apartments with two to six beds for \$260 a week). On the picturesque Isle of Møn near by, the east coast offers Dover-like white chalk cliffs, good beaches and weekly rates ranging from \$150 for a double at a pension to \$170 at a hotel.

NORWAY. The west coast, the fjord country, has some of the most beautiful scenery in Europe. Its main city is Bergen, which can be reached nonstop from New York City by SAS. A sophisticated city dating from Hanseatic times. Bergen in May and June stages a music festival, including concerts by famous pianists at Edvard Grieg's old home—on his piano. About a 90-minute train ride from the city is Voss, a winter ski center that is an ideal summertime base for exploring the fjords. Bus tours from Voss offer combinations of fjord and mountain during the almost endless summer days. An eleven-day coastal steamer trip from Bergen (from \$200 per person) calls at a score of harbors, passes islands with millions of seabirds, and winds up at Kirkenes, next

Special Report

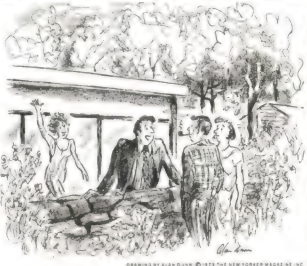
to the Russian border. Hotels in Voss charge \$40 a night for a double, including all meals.

SWEDEN. The best deal is to rent one of 20,000 small modern cottages by a lake or mountain (from \$149 a week for four). Next best are the nearly 400 hotels from the southern port of Malmö to the Lapland town of Abisko that belong to the Quality Cheque System, which guarantees reservations from town to town. A double room with bath or shower is \$44 a night. The scenery can be idyllic in summer, especially in the southern province of Skåne, with its 200 castles; in central Dalarna, a land of quaint mountain villages, folk costumes, handicraft shops, birch forests and sparkling lakes; and in Lapland, shared with Finland, where national parks preserve the last real wilderness left in Europe.

FINLAND. Its 60,000 lakes and forests covering two-thirds of the land make Finland a nature lover's paradise. Savonlinna, in the southeast, with an opera festival during the last three weeks of July, is close to the breathtaking Punkaharju isthmus athwart Lake Saimaa. About 200 miles from Helsinki, the Savonlinna area has a number of holiday villages, where a cottage for four (with sauna, of course) rents for around \$200 a week. Most villages have a restaurant where a hefty dinner without drinks costs a slender \$9.

ITALY. Heading back into warmer climes, SAT will find that Italy still has tourist bargains. Stromboli, one of the Aeolian islands off the eastern coast of Sicily, boasts an awesome volcano and a dozen seaside hotels and pensions that charge from \$28 to \$48 for a double, some meals included. On another island, Panarea, a double room costs \$18 at the Raya Hotel, where the chef-owner cooks dinner only when he feels like it; a nearby trattoria is cheap and good. The islands can be reached by ferry from Palermo or from Naples, which also has daily hydrofoil service.

MALTA. The offbeat Mediterranean island is soaked in history from ancient times to its heroic stand in World War II. From the warm yellow limestone buildings of Valletta to its deepwater bays and rocky coves, the 95-sq.-mi. island was filled with baroque buildings by the martial-monastic Knights of St. John, who ruled it for 268 years. The British left no legacy of *haute cuisine*, but some restaurants serve local dishes and good fish. Seaside hotels charge from \$45 to \$60 a day, double occupancy; each has its own tennis courts, pool and beach. At family hotels and pensions along the 85-mile-long coast, rates are as low as \$20 for a double room with bath. There is a lively night life, and



"Well, we're back. We zoomed like hell through Provence, but the dollar caught up with us at Marseilles."

car rentals cost only about \$9 a day. Gozo, reached by ferry from Malta, is said to be Homer's Ogygia, the isle where Calypso beguiled Odysseus. It is full of small, stone villages and semideserted beaches, and has a hotel, Ta Cenc, which charges \$70 for a double room with all meals included at one of the best restaurants on either isle.

GREECE. With more than 5 million tourists expected this year, Greece has

become too congested and polluted for many visitors. To remedy this, the national tourist organization is offering a stay in a "traditional settlement" far from the hubbub. These communities are all chosen because they have retained their original color: the refurbished houses rent for \$105 to \$350 a week. One such settlement is a fishing village at Fiscardo, on the unspoiled island of Cephalonia. The village, surrounded by cypress-clad mountains, has many small beaches and an atmosphere reminiscent of its piratical past. A double room in a private house is \$9 a night. Restaurants serve traditional Greek dishes (moussaka, roast lamb in lemon), as well as fine lobster and the celebrated Robola wine (\$2 a bottle). An increasingly popular island is

Santorini in the Aegean, which is said to have been the legendary Atlantis. Donkeys and buses are the local transport.

On these islands and such ascetic resorts as Makrinita, on Mount Pelion in central Greece, the settlements offer little in the way of formal entertainment. Their purpose is to encourage tourists to live the natural life of villagers and draw deep from the country's historical wellsprings. Some may even learn Greek.

—Michael Demarest

A Passel of Handy Passes

One way to save on transportation and sightseeing in Europe is to take advantage of government-issued passes designed for foreign travelers. But beware: many must be bought in the U.S. in advance, an inconvenience offset by the fact that they will thus be immune to any vacation-time decline in the dollar. The pick of the passes:

- **Eurailpass** gives unlimited first-class train travel in 15 European countries (not including Britain). 15 days to three months (\$190 to \$460), covers some lake, river and sea travel, with reduced rates on other transportation.
- **Portugal's free discount card**, for travelers using the country as the gateway to or from Europe, offers one free night at a hotel plus discounts on auto rentals, sightseeing and shopping.
- **BritRail Pass**, for 7, 14, 21 or 30 days (from \$100 to \$200 first class), includes connections to the Isle of Wight and Lake Windermere steamers. Another pass (\$12) opens doors to 500 stately homes, castles and historical sites.
- **France's Air Inter pass** allows unlimited air travel within the country (7 or 14 days, \$135 or \$210). **France-Vacances** plan (\$95) offers seven days of unlimited second-class rail travel, four days of Metro and bus service in Paris, transportation from Paris airports, plus a one-day train trip with rental Renault 5 and 100 km free mileage.
- **GermanRail Tourist Card** provides unlimited travel for 9 or 16 days (\$95 to \$180) and includes reduced fare on Rhine and Moselle steamers.
- **Scandinavian Rail Pass** is good for 21 days' unlimited rail travel (first class about \$220) in Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland.
- **Italian rail pass** is good for 8, 15, 21 or 30 days (from \$58 to \$160), first or second class. Italy's Museum Card (\$1) is good for free admission to 277 state-owned museums and archaeological sites.

Newsweek, January 15, 1979

A VW FOR ANWAR

To set a belt-tightening example for his financially strapped country, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat has ordered a fleet of economy cars as replacements for gas-guzzling government limousines. Sadat himself, who used to ride in a Cadillac or a Mercedes-Benz, now tootles around Cairo in a chauffeured Volkswagen, and other Egyptian officials will soon be doing likewise. Sadat got the idea while watching a VW commercial on TV during a visit to the U.S.

PLOTTING

**VOLKSWAGEN
DOES IT
AGAIN**



World

AFRICA

Now, Zimbabwe-Rhodesia

The blacks cast ballots at last, but that will not stop the shooting

"I do not want this new country to be a sham, a fraud, a hollow shell with the mere trappings of independence—a brand-new flag, sleek limousines, black faces in Parliament and the U.N. I do not want Zimbabwe ever to become another banana republic."

She declared Bishop Abel Muzorewa, one of the four members of Rhodesia's biracial "interim" government, in a stem-winding speech to a group of black and white voters at the close of the country's historic ten-week election campaign. His vision of his violence-racked land's future was important, for he is soon to become the first black Prime Minister of Rhodesia, or Zimbabwe-Rhodesia as it is henceforth to be known. Last week voting for the first time on the basis of a universal balloting, the country's black population elected 72 members of a new parliament: the other

28 seats had been filled by white balloting a week earlier. The elections were strongly promoted by Muzorewa, outgoing Prime Minister Ian Smith, the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole and their other colleagues in the "interim regime." Their hope is that their version of majority-rule government will win international recognition and bring an end to the U.N. economic boycott imposed on Rhodesia after Smith made his Unilateral Declaration of Independence from Britain 13½ years ago.

The elections were strongly opposed by the black guerrillas of the Patriotic Front, who have fought against the Smith regime from sanctuaries in Mozambique and Zambia for more than six years and were determined to upset the voting. Nonetheless, the Salisbury government claimed at week's end that about 60% of the 2.8 million eligible blacks had chosen to vote, and hailed this as an endorsement of the so-called internal settlement.

Although the final tally was not due to be announced until this week, it seemed almost certain that the largest number of seats would be won by the biggest of the black parties, the United African National Council (U.A.N.C.). As the party's chief, Muzorewa, 54, who is both an ordained Methodist clergyman and a leader of the majority Shona tribe, would be called on to form the new government.

Whether black majority rule will really have been achieved when that government takes office in June is a subject of heated debate. Muzorewa and Smith say yes. The black nationalists outside Rhodesia say no, and fight on. Certainly there is no doubt that under the new constitution the 212,000 whites will still have a special status. Though they account for only 4% of the population, they are guaranteed 28 of the 100 seats in the parliament, and for ten years will have control, through a complex veto provision, over such vital areas as the judiciary, the civil service and the security forces. The whites are also guaranteed at least five of the new cabinet posts, presumably including one for Ian Smith.

Conceivably, as Smith himself implied last week, some of the special protective clauses for whites may be dropped from the constitution after the new government takes hold. "Whether we like it or not," he told TIME Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter, "minority governments are unacceptable to the rest of the world. I had always hoped we could avoid black majority rule in my lifetime. But you have to change your tactics in this game, and we came to the conclusion that if we didn't change, we couldn't survive."

His successor, Muzorewa, is a slight (5 ft.), mild-mannered man who is particularly popular with urban audiences. His garb can be flamboyant; at one campaign appearance he wore black trousers with yellow, red and green stripes and a coat of many colors. He is notoriously thin-skinned in dealing with rivals. Says a former colleague: "Muzorewa is at his best as a preacher and at his worst as a Cardinal." Though a reluctant politician at first, he waged a strenuous campaign, traveling around the country for an average of five or six appearances a day. At these he would hold forth on his ideas about building a new country "without friction" and pass out buttons bearing the U.A.N.C. slogan WE'RE THE WINNERS.

The voting went surprisingly smoothly. To counter the threat by the Patriotic

Between the Gat and the Gap

Like so many other conflicts, Rhodesia's turmoil has also become a war of words. Among blacks and whites alike, talk about the struggle is studied with slang that derives from many sources: Afrikaans, tribal dialects, rugby and cricket jargon, even the vernacular of Viet Nam. A glossary:

Auxiliary. A guerrilla who has joined the government side, or a black who has been recruited as a counter-insurgent by one of the pro-government nationalist parties. Known in a Shona dialect as a *Pfumo reVanhu* (spear of the nation).

Blood budgies. Mosquitoes, which soldiers on bush patrol find almost as lethal as the guerrillas.

Flat dogs. Crocodiles, another natural menace. Also: *walking handbags*.

Gat. A gun, from the old Gatling weapons imported by Cecil Rhodes.

Maiky backs. What English-speaking whites call the Dutch-descended Afrikaners.

Harmony pills. Bullets, coined following a failed 1977 government campaign to promote racial harmony.

Hout. Afrikaans term of derision for blacks, meaning woodenhead.

Houtie slayer. Rifle.

Mashford's militia. Term of derision for recruits who have joined the government army since draft age was raised to 59 this year. Mashford's is a well-known Salisbury funeral home.

Slet. Common euphemism for verb to kill. Others: *take out*, *waste*, *drill*.

Take the gap. A phrase for leave the country, derived from rugby maneuver of breaking past other players. The emigration route, once known as the Chicken Run, is today widely referred to as the Owl Run, because it is now considered more wise than cowardly to take the gap.

Terra. Short for terrorists, the term whites use when referring to Patriotic Front guerrillas. Also: *gooks*, *floppies*, *oxygen wasters*. Blacks have a favorite term of affection for the guerrillas: the *boys in the bush*.

Tiny terts. Children used by guerrillas as spotters. Also: *termites*.

Wombles. Elderly white police volunteers who patrol urban areas to ward off terts. Usually they are armed only with batons, but for the election an exception was made: some wombles were given gats.



Muzorewa at political rally in Umtali



Sithole campaigning in rural constituency



Auxiliary armed with AK-47 who escorted voters to polling station in Eastern Highlands



Outgoing Prime Minister Ian Smith and Wife Janet feeding goldfish at their Salisbury home

"We came to the conclusion that if we didn't change our tactics, we couldn't survive."

Front to disrupt the proceedings, the government mobilized 90,000 troops and in many cases transported voters to the polls. Muzorewa and other campaigners were accompanied by armed militiamen. Mobile voting units were trucked, under army escort, to about 1,500 of the country's 2,000 designated polling places.

The most important issue by far was peace. The candidates concentrated on the ways in which they would end the war, bring majority rule, open new schools and clinics, and help blacks find jobs. Muzorewa's top vote puller was a promise of free education for every child up to the seventh grade. Another important issue: ways to help enable blacks to buy their own farms. The average white in Rhodesia has 75 acres, while the average black has five. As Joshua Nkomo, one of the Patriotic Front leaders, has said, "This is the source of all our bitterness."

Particularly in rural areas, people sometimes seemed confused about what the election was all about.

At the polling place in one town near the Mozambique border, a woman said: "We were told by the police that we had to come here, and we didn't argue. We just came." Others had a better understanding. Said Jonah Dangaremdzi, a villager: "This is the first time we have voted, so it is natural that some of us are nervous. Peace is really what we want." Solomon Mauura, a chief's messenger, was more explicit about his expectations: "We have had the war because we had no African leader. Now that we are voting one in, we hope he will bring an end to the fighting."

Few outside observers give Muzorewa much chance of succeeding, however. Says a ranking Western diplomat in neighboring Zambia: "This next period is going to be violent, and the dimension of the violence is far greater than anybody has imagined." Joshua Nkomo's Zambia-based branch of the Patriotic Front currently has about 25,000 men under arms, including some 2,000 inside Rhodesia. The Mozambique-based branch, under Robert Mugabe, also has about 25,000 guerrillas, with 8,600 of them inside Rhodesia. The Rhodesian security forces' incursions into Mozambique and Zambia, where Nkomo's headquarters in Lusaka was raided two weeks ago, have made the guerrillas angrier than ever.

Zambia is particularly vulnerable to Rhodesian attack and President Kenneth Kaunda has approached the U.S. about buying defensive weapons, but was turned down. He is already getting missiles from the Soviet Union and artillery and air force training from China, and the chances are he will soon be asking them for more. With both sides in the Rhodesian dispute so jittery, the prospect is for an acceleration in the fighting.

For the Carter Administration, the election has posed a delicate question about U.S. policy in Africa. Until now, the Administration, as well as the British government of Prime Minister James Cal-

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"Whoever Says We're Safe Lies"

Of those killed in the fighting, 97% have been blacks

laghan, has pretty much accepted the black African view that a new Rhodesian majority-rule government could effectively end the war only if it included representatives of the Patriotic Front. Accordingly, the U.S. and Britain have long advocated an all-parties conference on Rhodesia leading to a Salisbury government composed of both "internal" and "external" Rhodesian black leaders.

But the Anglo-American initiative has fallen apart. At present, nobody is pressing for an all-parties conference. Mugabe and his colleagues do not want one because they expect to be running the show in Salisbury. The guerrillas do not want one because they expect to win everything through force. The result, as Mugabe once put it: "The real conference will be in the bush."

The U.S. Senate passed a resolution last year that if the Rhodesian election was judged to be "free and fair" and open to all factions and if the new government seemed ready to talk to the Patriotic Front, then the Administration should recognize it and try to lift the economic sanctions. President Carter has said that by the time the new government is installed, he will make a decision on recognition that will be based on "a moral dimension and not legislative politics."

In the meantime, the Callaghan government has fallen and if Margaret Thatcher and her Conservatives win Britain's May 3 election, they will undoubtedly alter British policy in the direction of support for Mugabe and Smith. Some Tory advisers have pointed out that Britain's relations with its African allies, notably Nigeria, could be jeopardized by an abrupt change in policy on Rhodesia. The Commonwealth Prime Ministers are scheduled to meet in Zambia later this year. If the African members should still be angry with Mrs. Thatcher at that time, they could embarrass her greatly by deciding upon some kind of retaliation, such as an attempt to expel Britain from the British Commonwealth.

The Carter Administration has tried hard in the past two years to forge new ties with black Africa. What it fears now is a steady enlargement of the Rhodesian guerrilla war, with the U.S. caught in the position of reluctantly supporting the Mugabe government and with the Soviet Union and Cuba looming ever larger in African eyes as the liberators of the oppressed Rhodesian majority. Some observers are dreaming of unexpected solutions, such as an alliance between Mugabe, himself a Shona, and Mugabe. But this is probably wishful thinking. As one official of Nkomo's organization says, "This war will not stop. It is not possible at this stage to talk about a reconciliation between those who are inside the country and those who are outside." Despite last week's balloting, or indeed as a result of it, the sad outlook is for more months of bloodletting. ■

Even as the election proceeded, Rhodesia's blacks were painfully aware of one grim fact of their country's life that would not soon be changed by the transition to majority government: it is they who have suffered most during the civil war, and their suffering will go on. Of those killed in the six years and four months of fighting so far, 97% have been blacks. They continue to die at a rate of 30 a day, double the casualty rate of a year ago when the "internal settlement" agreement was signed. Caught between the government forces, the guerrillas and the militias loyal to the internal leaders, most blacks have been too fearful of re-primination to talk about their anguish openly. But TIME's William McWhirter persuaded a cross section of blacks to speak about their plight:

The Refugee. He is 56, but looks far older: he has wounded, watery eyes, hanging layers of skin and raw, untended leg sores from "night bugs" and the cold ground he sleeps on. Around him throbbs the busy black life of Salisbury's Harari Township depot, with its battered public buses straining under loads of passengers, suitcases, food crates and chicken baskets. Hawkers, vendors and shoppers mill about, and an outdoor loudspeaker, as shrill as an air raid siren, blares steel-drum music from a nearby record shop. Far from his country home 120 miles away near the Mozambique border and with no place else to go, the refugee scarcely notices.

In 1976 he led his wife and five children from their village to escape the fighting. "First the guerrillas came," he explains. "A spy told the police, who came with machine guns and killed 18 of our people. When the guerrillas saw what had

happened, they opened fire and more people were killed. We left the next day with only our blankets."

Blacks fleeing the fighting were pouring into Salisbury at the rate of 400 a day. This refugee's family lives in a world of 6 sq. ft. next to the depot. Mango crates hold their few plates and pots and double as furniture. Dusty black rubber sheeting covers the ground by day and at night serves as roof.

His wife and his children, who range in age from six to 15, walk miles through Salisbury each day selling vegetables. He guards the living space and grows bitter. "They come around now telling us to go back home, we are free, the country belongs to the Africans. But the guerrillas still have guns. The war will never stop, and whoever says we're safe is a liar."



The Girl. She is 20, with a smiling, seemingly untroubled face, a saleswoman in a Salisbury shop catering to whites. Five years ago, she was one of 86 students jammed aboard a school bus near the Mozambique border. The bus was blown apart by a mine; 80 died. The girl was hospitalized for two months with multiple fractures and a puncture wound near her heart. She had been back in her boarding school only a week when ZANLA guerrillas entered the dormitories one night as the pupils were undressing for bed. Three hundred children—some naked, others in nightdress—were marched off in one of the first abductions of the war.

The students walked two days without water. They were told they were going to Mozambique to become nurses, doctors or teachers for the struggle. The second night the girl and two companions slipped away. "We kept running the whole night and the next day. We were



World

afraid they would come after us and kill us." They walked for two weeks until they arrived in Salisbury, still in pajamas. "People were laughing at me because they thought I was crazy. A European [white] woman stopped me and asked why I was wearing a nightie in town. That was the first time I cried. She gave me her shirt."

A year ago, while visiting friends in a tribal trust land only 20 miles from Salisbury, the girl was confronted once again by four ZANLA guerrillas. They threatened her for supporting the interim government "like all the blacks in Salisbury." She has not left the capital since.

The Headman. For 50 years, his father was headman of a village of 47 families who share common grazing land for their prized livestock. Having inherited that position of respect, he now rotates cattle guard among the families, collects taxes, presides over quarrels, grants divorces and mediates disputes. He is entitled to eight acres of land, two more than the six other members of his *kraal* (family group).

It is harder for him to be a headman than it was for his father. Local leaders have become assassination targets. Even though he was jailed by the government for four years as a nationalist sympathizer, he can no longer be sure how his political record will be judged. He rarely sleeps at home; he rubs his long, thin fingers together to ease the stress as he talks. What "frightens me," he says, is the way harm can come from any quarter. If there is fighting in his area, he flees. "If the soldiers come, they might think I am the troublemaker. And if someone doesn't like you, he can go to the guerrillas and tell them something which isn't true and they become your enemy." Though he is a Muzorewa supporter, he was once beaten so badly by black militiamen loyal to the bishop that he had to be hospitalized; the militiamen accused him of not informing on Patriotic Front guerrillas.

Yet he still has faith that black rule will eventually mean more land for blacks, who can no longer support them-

selves on their inherited parcels of worn-out acreage. "When I was born, the land was still good," he says. "There were trees and grass. Now there are just a few trees. We have used them for houses and firewood. We used to feed a family from one acre and sell what we grew on the other five acres in the market. Now it takes five acres to feed a family, and the remaining land does not produce enough to buy clothing. There are many places that are empty. If we have our own country, we can spread people everywhere instead of heaping them together."



The Guerrilla. He is a "Mugabe man," a contact between the military units of ZANLA and political branches of the nationalist leader's Zimbabwe African National Union inside Rhodesia. He is seriously committed to the long struggle for African liberation, but at times he is simply fascinated by his dizzy world.

"We go quietly, we act," he says, reciting the creed of the world of small cells, aliases and coded contacts in which he operates as a contact man between political and military units. He is impressed by the heavy arms he now sees coming into the country and by the openness with which freedom fighters walk about, even in the urban townships. He boasts: "There is no doubt that we are winning. The people think we are winning. The army thinks we are winning."

But at times he does have doubts. The movement, he has discovered, is riddled with personal rivalries. Black nationalism's deadliest virus is also spreading: "Tribalism is a disease that is growing within us." He worries about the divisions within families: What will happen to the cousins and brothers of guerrillas who are serving in the police or the security forces? "Why did there have to be a power struggle at all? Why wasn't power handed over as it was in Kenya, Zambia and Tanzania? Now the situation is pathetic. We are almost at the point of a blood-

bath. The guerrillas are everywhere. We come in and stay. We are already bolder than the Mau Mau."

The Headmaster. Until last July, war had never intruded into the headmaster's district on the Zambian border. There had been no infiltration by guerrillas, no injuries, no abductions, no heavy penetration by the army. He ran the school as he had for a peaceful decade. But then "surveyors" of Joshua Nkomo's Zimbabwe People's Revolutionary Army (ZIPRA) arrived to inspect the area. They were followed by assassination squads and finally soldiers in units of 80 to 100. In two months they controlled the district completely. The school was closed down, along with transport services and business centers. Soon, the killing started.

"The first meeting with the guerrillas was very threatening," he recalls. "Later they would relax and sit down and talk. Your relations with them depended on whether they had found out anything bad about you. If they had, you would be shot. The first killings were private. Then they called in the whole village. Sometimes they would torture somebody in public; they had very long knives at the end of their guns. One day the guerrillas heard that someone had informed on a neighbor 14 years ago for stealing cattle from a European farm. The informant, an old man, was killed along with his wife and first-born child. A chief had his eyes punched out, then he was pulled into his grass hut and burned alive with one of his sons. A businessman readily gave them \$400 to \$500 at a time, but one day they stopped his car and blew his head away. They had 'information' that he was not a good person. Later they found out they were misinformed. So they went back to the informant and shot him."

"In my case they found nothing wrong, so they told me I could leave with my wife, four children and two suitcases. I have seen how many people are dying and how many others are living in fear. I know people in town talk politics but they don't see politics."



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Foes in a Black vs. Black Struggle

With majority-rule government, the Rhodesian struggle will increasingly become one of blacks against blacks. In this new conflict, two fiery opponents will be Abel Muzorewa, almost certain to become Rhodesia's first black

Prime Minister, and Nationalist Guerrilla Chief Robert Mugabe, leader of most of the Patriotic Front forces fighting inside the country. In interviews with TIME, Muzorewa and Mugabe spoke of themselves and their land:

MUZOREWA: "A lot up my sleeve"



On the large black turnout in the election: Every thinking African knows that this is what the political parties were all about. We only had to encourage the people against intimidation. We didn't have to urge them to vote, vote, vote. I went to one area five days after the guerrillas had killed five people only two miles away. A woman said, "They killed our people, they are telling us not to vote, but we are going to vote." That is the spirit that is triumphant.

On why the guerrillas should now give up: The armed struggle has not gone on

for the sake of hurting one another. It was for the sake of forcing our oppressor to accept majority rule. The most important thing is that we are getting that power we have been fighting for—to improve our constitution, improve our people, uplift them. We know that it is because of our children's sacrifice that we are in this position today, but these are the children of Zimbabwe, not Nkomo or Mugabe, and we want to welcome them back, not condemn them to go on fighting.

On keeping whites in Rhodesia: A lot of African countries have become banana republics because they tend to be emotional, to Africanize just for the sake of it. We are going to concentrate on a real prosperity for all. Some want us to regard these people who have been here for five generations as strangers because they are white. I would not want to be part of that meaningless independence. Ours will be an evolutionary process in which a black government will have to train itself, not in an emotional way and without causing friction.

On the first task of the new head of state: Whoever becomes the next Prime Minister has got a frightening job because the country is so confused and messed up, overrun by guns. It is a most challenging thing. The first government, I think, would need emergency powers to clean up the mess there is now, but such legislation would absolutely not be in order once the place is cleaned up.

On declaring amnesty for the rebels: What will happen is that Mugabe is going to be shocked. He is going to find himself a general without an army. The fighters are overcome by fear. They are not sure of Smith or the elections or their future with Mugabe and Nkomo. After the installation of a new government, we will have some weeks to let them return. If a man doesn't come back, he will be regarded as a straightforward terrorist and will be declared an enemy of the state.

On recognition of the new governments: I don't like for any government to have to prove itself before it can be internationally recognized. An act of election, an installation of a new government should be sufficient. How many questions are other countries going to ask the new government in Uganda?

On his style as a leader: I consult as much as possible. I see that as a source of compromise, though my critics take it as a weakness. I am very human. I get very happy. I get very angry. I get very cheerful. But I do have a sense of holy anger. Anybody who says there is never a time when he is not motivated by anger should never be a leader. I want to leave a lot of things up my sleeve. But my aim is to avoid the mistakes of other countries who say they will be a jet flying, but only go up and soon crash. You just watch us: we shall teach the rest of the world how to be sober about independence.

MUGABE: "Their last card"



On why the guerrillas boycotted the vote: Smith's invitation to take part was, of course, a propaganda ploy. To participate would be to accept the internal settlement. This is an enemy regime we are determined to overthrow. We cannot achieve that by working within schemes contrived by the regime. We can only accept from it surrender terms.

On disagreements with Nkomo: ZAPU is less revolutionary than ZANU. They may have promised that Western vested interests will continue to be respected, which we cannot do. I do not like to speak ill of my partner, but we have not taken kindly to the deviationism that Nkomo has demonstrated in the past. He departed from the accepted position of the Patriotic Front to negotiate with Britain and Britain alone when he met with Ian Smith without our knowledge last August.

On whether Cubans will join the war: I do not see any possibility of that. When I was in Havana last July, Castro emphasized that he will not intervene in respect to the choice of leaders inside the country.

On aid from other Communist countries: What we have been appealing to our Eastern Socialist friends for is that they support us on the same basis that they are supporting ZAPU [which gets arms from the Soviet Union]. There have been positive replies, but we have not received any material aid yet. Missiles and other sophisticated weaponry would be a good answer to the present firm dominance which the enemy enjoys, but we don't have any missiles just yet.

On the role of the U.S.: I think [the new regime] is going to appeal to the outside world as much as possible to recognize the result of the election no matter what it might be. This will probably be their last card. It will be a do-or-die offensive, with appeals to Britain and the U.S.—especially the U.S.—and visits or promotions by conservative American Senators like S.I. Hayakawa and Jesse Helms.

On Western goals in southern Africa: Western powers, if they had their own choice, would like to create a neocolonial state [in Rhodesia]. So they stand behind South Africa, so South Africa can prop up Ian Smith. [The West's] entire strategy is to create a buffer out of Zimbabwe and Namibia [to protect South Africa].

On his program for Zimbabwe: It is based on scientific socialism. In general, a one-party state with built-in democratic mechanisms would be preferable to a two-party or multiparty system. Land, land, land, land has been the main source of grievance in the country. We have got to make land the people's property and distribute it. China did not wait, and Russia did not wait—they started as outright Marxists. We have got to develop ourselves along those lines. We don't have to hide anything.

On fighting a black Rhodesian regime: We've said that our war is not aimed against whites as whites, but because they constitute the oppressive class. If blacks are going to step into the shoes of the whites, they too are going to become our target. They will be perpetuating the old system and will have to go. There will be no prolongation of the war because a black stooge is now in power.

IRAN

Squabble Among the Holy Men

Khomeini collides with a rival Ayatullah



Ex-Foreign Minister Karim Sanjabi

With a typically xenophobic broadside, Iran's Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini vainly sought last week to dismiss as the work of outside agitators the most serious challenge yet posed to his mastery over the country. "Mysterious hands are sowing disunity. Satanic plans are under way by America and its agents," he declared. His outburst had been provoked by the disaffection of a fellow Shi'ite leader, Ayatullah Mahmoud Taleghani, who touched off a new round of violent clashes and demonstrations by withdrawing from politics as a protest against the mysterious arrests of two of his sons and a daughter-in-law by Islamic militiamen. By week's end the threat of escalation had grown so great that both men were prompted to back down. But, though the two Ayatullahs patched up their quarrel, the deep divisions that are rending the nation remained.

Those differences have been building since last year, when huge street rallies organized by Taleghani led to the Shah's abdication and eventually to Khomeini's triumphant return from his exile in Paris. In contrast to the uncompromising Khomeini, Taleghani is, by Iranian standards, a liberal who maintains connections with leftist organizations that Khomeini has denounced as "enemies" of the Islamic revolution. Last month, for example, Taleghani had publicly attacked the referendum that created Iran's Islamic republic, on the ground that it did not really offer voters any choice. Because of the widespread popularity and trust he enjoys, Taleghani was asked by rebelling Kurds and Turkomans to arrange a ceasefire with the attacking government forces, and to mediate their demands for some degree of autonomy from the regime.

It was the detention a fortnight ago of Taleghani's sons Abul Hassan and Mojtaba, both of whom have ties with radical political factions, and his daughter-in-law that moved Taleghani into outright opposition to the capricious actions of the

Khomeini komitehs. Returning from a meeting with representatives of the Palestine Liberation Organization, the three were abducted at gunpoint and taken to Tehran's Lavizan army garrison. Searching for the captives, another one of Taleghani's sons, Mohammed, spotted Mojtaba's car parked by the office of the Saltanatabad komiteh. Earlier, the komiteh's deputy chairman, Mohammed Qarazi, had repeatedly denied knowing the whereabouts of the prisoners. After Qarazi admitted authorizing the arrests, Taleghani ordered his men to seize the official and informed Khomeini's special assistant for revolutionary affairs, Dr. Ibrahim Yazdi, of the incident.

Fearing violence, Yazdi quickly ordered the release of Taleghani's relatives, but the militiamen refused to obey either his command or the instructions of Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan. Not until the following morning were the prisoners, who had been kicked and beaten, released. Taleghani, who had pledged to hold Qarazi until the arrests had been explained to his satisfaction, then freed the komiteh member. Qarazi was arrested on the spot at Yazdi's order.

Taleghani then announced that he was quitting politics and leaving Tehran. After the government radio station broadcast a report attributing his departure to "ill health," Taleghani proclaimed through a spokesman that his withdrawal was "a protest against this insulting incident." About 50,000 students, white-collar workers and laborers poured into the capital's streets, chanting, "Taleghani, you are the soul of the revolution." Foreign Minister Karim Sanjabi, longtime leader of the anti-Shah National Front, resigned his post to protest the behavior of the komitehs.

Hoping for a public display of support, Khomeini hastily declared an

armed-forces-day parade. In an effort to woo frightened military personnel back to active duty, he announced at the same time a long awaited amnesty for those charged with "minor crimes" under the Shah's regime. Many officers and conscripts had been reluctant to return to the barracks, wary that they would be charged for actions while serving the Shah and face a revolutionary tribunal. The courts had already ordered 136 executions as of last week, including 28 generals. But instead of the impressive display of military might that Khomeini had hoped would demonstrate his regime's power and widespread support, only a ragtag army of 10,000 troops, *chador*-clad wives, out-of-step recruits and irregulars answered Khomeini's call.

The poor turnout and the rapid drift of the country toward sectarian clashes apparently convinced both Khomeini and Taleghani of the need to defuse the situation. After meeting with Taleghani, Khomeini ordered a purge of "irresponsible and antirevolutionary elements" from the komitehs. Taleghani then delivered a conciliatory speech in which he declared Khomeini to be the revolution's "source of belief, sincerity and determination."

The truce between the Ayatullahs, however, may be only the prelude to an ominous showdown between Bazargan and Yazdi, who is emerging as a serious threat to the Prime Minister's authority. In Washington, government experts theorize that Taleghani's walkout was engineered by Bazargan as part of a plan to undermine the authority of the komitehs and reduce Yazdi's standing with Khomeini. Moreover, a new source of political frustration for Iran's burgeoning band of dissidents appeared as a government spokesman confirmed that elections for the country's constituent assembly, scheduled for June 1, have been "indefinitely postponed." With just about all avenues for peaceful political expression closed off, Khomeini's critics may once again take to the streets, where not even the Ayatullahs can control them.



Taleghani supporters parading with his portrait in Tehran last week. His children were arrested, but he supported Khomeini in the end

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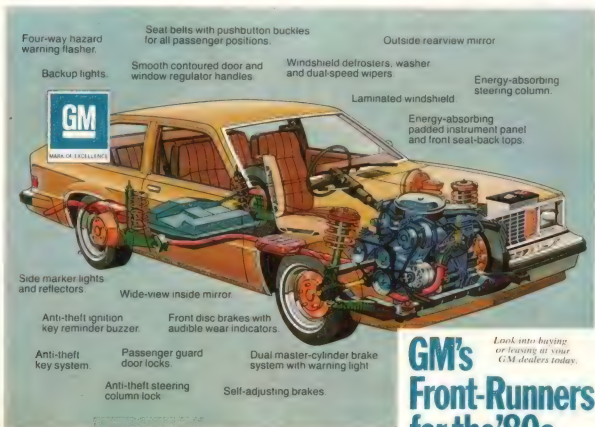
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World

UGANDA

Big Daddy's Doleful Legacy

New revelations about the ravages of his regime

Though Kampala, Uganda's capital, had fallen to a combined Tanzanian-Ugandan force two weeks ago, the main political prize continued to elude the new provisional government of President Yussuf Lule. Former President-for-Life Idi Amin Dada was still at large. He had been variously reported to have fled to Zaïre, the Sudan or Iraq, as well as to several points around his own country. At week's end he was said to have been spotted in a village near the eastern Ugandan town of Mbale, traveling in a Land Rover full of radio equipment and accompanied by five Libyan bodyguards.

If the beefy ex-dictator's exact location was uncertain, the second most

wanted figure in Big Daddy's reign of terror turned up fairly quickly: Robert Astles, a white, British-born onetime road-construction foreman who advised Amin on the uses of repression as well as on his public relations buffoonery. Kenyan police arrested Astles after he had crossed Lake Victoria by speedboat from Uganda. Astles once was close to Milton Obote, whom Amin ousted as President in 1971; in time he turned adviser to Amin and soon became a main architect of the dreaded State Research Bureau (SRB), the Gestapo-like organization that was responsible for the deaths of thousands of Ugandans murdered during Amin's rule.

The principal military concern of the new government was to gain control of the most important road in Uganda, the 120-mile economic lifeline from Kampala to the Kenyan border. Carrying radios, tape recorders and assorted other loot that came their way with the fall of the Ugandan capital, 2,500 Tanzanian soldiers set off for the frontier at a leisurely pace in a caravan of twelve Land Rovers, three tanks, an armored personnel carrier and a Jeep with a mounted recoilless rifle. A second force, which literally moved at a walk because of a shortage of motor transport, headed north to take control of the Israeli-built airfield at Nakasongola, 66 miles from Kampala. One group of soldiers managed to move quickly, for its assignment was to occupy key points in Jinja, an industrial town east of Kampala, and then seize the Owen Falls dam. Uganda's only source of electric power.

Amin's Horror Chamber

The most feared institution in Idi Amin's Uganda was the SRB, which was housed in a pink stucco, three-story building sandwiched between the President-for-Life's home and the Italian embassy in Kampala's tranquil diplomatic district. There the dread secret police carried out much of the torturing and killing that was a large part of Amin's style of rule. Abraham Kisuule-Minge, 27, an SRB officer for five years, fled in early April after helping a prisoner escape. Interviewed in Nairobi by Terry Fincher, a British photojournalist, Kisuule-Minge offered a chilling account of just how Amin's terror apparatus worked.

Kisuule-Minge said that at the time he fled, the filing cabinets in the SRB were filled with the names of 50,000 "missing people," who in reality had been exterminated. The bureau, with its staff of more than 300, was run by Lieut. Colonel Farouk Minawa, one of Amin's most trusted Nubian aides. From the outside, the building looked innocuous. Inside it was literally a chamber of horrors.

The basement cells, dark, stinking holes with heavily barred doors, were reserved for political and "special category" prisoners, presumably those from whom information was to be extracted before they were killed. The most chilling area was the top floor, where most of the cells were located along with interrogation rooms. This was where most of the beating and torturing occurred.

Farouk made Saturday the cruelest day of all. In the morning he would order prisoners brought to the reception area. With a wave of his hand, he would signal which were to die that night. At 7 p.m. precisely, the cars parked in the courtyard would be started to drown out the screams to come. Each prisoner was brought down and told to kneel before an officer in the yard. He was asked to explain why he had been brought in and was told he was being released. Then guards would leap from the darkness, loop a thick rope round the victim's neck

and slowly strangle him. The *coup de grâce* was a sledgehammer blow to the chest. It took about ten minutes to kill each prisoner. The bodies were piled in trucks and driven north for five hours to the Karuma Falls to be thrown to the crocodiles. Whenever a white was killed—Kisuule-Minge recalls about 50 such cases—Amin had the ears delivered to him on a platter. Kisuule-Minge remembers five Germans—three men and two women—being brought to the center. They were tied up, beaten and garroted and their bodies thrown into the Karuma. Once an attractive American woman was picked up from her hotel, accused of espionage and brought to the pink house. The next day, says Kisuule-Minge, she was repeatedly raped, then killed.

Another victim, apparently, was Dora Bloch, the Israeli grandmother who arrived at Entebbe airport on board a sky-jacked Air France plane in 1976, was taken to a hospital for medical treatment, removed and never seen again. As Kisuule-Minge tells it, she was brought from the hospital to the SRB. There, Farouk made a slashing motion across his throat as she was flung to the floor. She was driven away, sobbing,

to a nearby forest, where she was shot in the back. One victim, a Makerere University warden named Theresa Nanziri, was eight months pregnant when she was brought to the SRB. After a day of interrogation, claims Kisuule-Minge, she and her husband were taken down to the reception area. A Nubian private known as Simba stepped forward and plunged a knife into her stomach. As she screamed and fell back, he slashed her open while her terrified husband ran in panic for the door. He was shot.

Amin enjoyed Saturday-morning visits at the SRB. Often he ordered two or three couples under sentence of death to strip and make love before him. Says Kisuule-Minge: "Amin would lounge on the counter sipping Russian wine and roar with laughter as the couples had sex on the floor." But after a while he would tire of the show and leave. The couples, who were always promised freedom if they pleased the President, were then returned to their cells.



Ex-SRB Officer Kisuule-Minge

World



Wrecked room in State Research Bureau

The fighting was sporadic and sometimes comical. One Tanzanian soldier told of his unit being attacked by a speeding black Mercedes filled with Ugandan troops loyal to Amin who fired at full tilt out the windows. "We knew they were serious," the Tanzanian said, "because they were losing all that air conditioning."

The advancing Tanzanians were trying to overtake Amin's retreating soldiers and then leave them to villagers, who would attack them with sticks and machetes. In turn, Amin's panicked forces carried out reprisal massacres of civilians in several towns.

Back in Kampala, whose downtown area was badly torn up in the spree of looting that followed Big Daddy's departure, life returned to a semblance of normality. Electric power and water were restored. The first issue of a new paper, the *Uganda Times*, was published, and government employees began going back to their desks. One of the new government's first jobs: collecting and burying

the hundreds of bodies that littered the streets. Pledged to restore democratic freedoms, the provisional government announced that voting for local officials in the Kampala area would begin almost immediately—the first free elections held in Uganda in eight years.

While the new regime struggled to take hold, the grim details of just how badly one of Africa's relatively prosperous countries had fared under Amin's chaotic rule began to appear. The Ugandan economy had all but collapsed. Factories were closed, agricultural production had virtually stopped, and there was no hard currency to buy such essential imports as fuel.

According to George Athmani, a freelance journalist whose uncle was a Cabinet minister under Obote (and later was murdered by Amin), the plunder of Uganda's economy was exemplified when Amin secretly exported the entire sugar crop to Libya in 1975; payment in foreign currency was made through a hotel Amin owned in Tripoli.

The economy began to get in serious trouble when Amin introduced his *Mafuta Mingi* (Wealth for Everyone) program. The implication was that there would be enough for all ordinary Ugandans once the Asian merchants who then dominated the economy were thrown out of the country. Amin subsequently expelled nearly all the 71,000 Asians then living in Uganda. In one typical case, says Athmani, a semi-literate Nubian told Amin that he wanted the Madhvani matchbox factory in Jinja. Beholden to the Nubians for support, Amin called the owner of the factory and said that he wanted to see him and his executives in one hour. When they arrived, Amin simply told them that they were out and the Nubians were in.

Still, the most horrifying evidence of Amin's dictatorship is not economic ruin, but the brutal slaughter of his countrymen. Perhaps as many as 300,000 were shot, clubbed, bayoneted, hanged or strangled by Amin's secret police. It will clearly take years for Uganda to emerge from its dual nightmare of bloody terror and economic collapse. ■



The Tory leader campaigning in farm area

BRITAIN

Clarion Calls

Thatcher on the attack

With Britain's May 3 elections fast approaching, Conservative Party Leader Margaret Thatcher's slashing attacks against the Labor government dominated the campaign. Speaking in Wales last week, she declared: "Change is coming. The slither and slide to the socialist state is going to be stopped, halted and turned back." All that Labor offered, she said, was "a clarion call for inertia and indolence." Ten points behind in the polls, Prime Minister James Callaghan was meanwhile giving low-key performances portraying himself as the leader who "will unite, not divide, the country."

While Thatcher and Callaghan got their campaigns into high gear, they followed a tacit agreement long honored by their parties to avoid partisan dispute over the painful issue of Northern Ireland. But last week, the issue was suddenly thrust forward because of remarks that U.S. Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill made at a private dinner in Dublin attended by Irish Prime Minister Jack Lynch. O'Neill said that the Ulster problem had been given "low priority" by Britain, that "it had been treated as a political football in London," and that the U.S. would "insist" that the next government make a "major initiative" to solve it.

O'Neill's comments stirred a storm. Protested Tory Candidate Robert Adley: "There are few more nauseating sounds than biased, ignorant Irish-American politicians visiting Dublin and grubbing around for votes in the U.S. by venting their spleens on Ireland." Labor Cabinet Minister Shirley Williams scoffed: "The



The President-for-Life's house, now abandoned and ransacked, in Kampala

While Big Daddy was on the lam, his top aide was seized

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World

Irish-American community has very little idea of the truth of the position in the Republic of Ireland or in Northern Ireland."

While the rhetoric soared, no member of Callaghan's Cabinet was running harder than David Owen, the young (40) Foreign Secretary who was a practicing physician before entering politics. His southern Africa policy, though closely attuned to the U.S.'s, has won him enemies in Britain. Owen does not hold a safe seat. He will lose his Plymouth constituency if only 3.2% of the vote swings to the Conservatives. Last week *TIME* Correspondent Art White got a close look at the Foreign Secretary's ups and downs as he tried to win the home front. Reports White:

Armed with campaign leaflets and a smile, Owen calls at one house and is greeted by Arthur Bannister, 70, a retired laborer. "Three cheers!" cries Bannister, a lifelong Labor Party man. "You're in. I back Labor and I'll never budge." Encouraged, Owen crosses the street and this time runs into a fervent working-class Tory. Robert Mason, 78, a retired stained-glass cutter, is ill with bronchitis, and Owen goes to his bedside. "You'd do better to go back to doctoring," Mason says. "I don't think Callaghan is any good for the country."

In the docks area, Owen is surrounded by fishermen who protest the expansion of a public toilet on the quay because it will rob the loading area of space. Owen promises to look into it, knowing full well that he is not gaining much ground with the men, most of whom normally vote Conservative. Still, he professes confidence. "As the campaign goes on," he insists, "more people will distrust the Tory line. We are closing the gap."

SOVIET UNION

Gulag Avenger

A Stalin-era prisoner sues

Armand Maloumian, then 20 years old, was visiting Moscow in 1948 when he was suddenly arrested by agents of the MGB (now the KGB). A French citizen of Armenian descent whose father was a physical education instructor temporarily teaching in the Soviet Union, Maloumian was accused of spying for the French secret service. He was first condemned to death, but was later convicted of treason, despite his foreign nationality, and sentenced to 25 years at hard labor. In early 1956, when Soviet authorities were cutting down the Gulag population as part of the destalinization drive, Maloumian was informed by the warden of Taishet, a prison in eastern Siberia, that his arrest had been a mistake and that he was to be declared "rehabilitated" and freed. Though he returned to France, where he became an airline ticket salesman, Maloumian never forgave the Soviets for his seven-year imprisonment and constantly sought reparations. Now, 23 years later, his efforts are beginning to pay off: Moscow has agreed to hear his case and has appointed a Soviet lawyer to examine it.

The Frenchman's suit will not be the first of its kind heard in Soviet courts; particularly in the late 1950s and early 1960s, hundreds of citizens of the U.S.S.R. and many foreigners who had been unjustly imprisoned had filed successful damage claims against the government. Genrikh Rubzhev, 50, the Moscow lawyer assigned to Maloumian's case, has tried more than a score of



Plaintiff Maloumian

For his comrades still in prison

similar suits and has won them all.

But Soviet law does not make such appeals very rewarding for people of scant means. The rules provide only for the return of seized property and bank accounts as well as for a payment of two months' wages, based on the victim's salary before imprisonment. Though he stands to gain little from his suit, Maloumian already feels amply paid by the irritation that he believes his case has caused Soviet officialdom. "The Soviet Union cannot possibly compensate for the years they took away from me," he says. "If I keep on fighting, it is to help my comrades who are still in prison. The only way for me to help them is to hang on to a fine point of law, until the system gives."

All in the First Family

Indulging his fondness for state visits once again, Rumania's maverick Communist ruler Nicolae Ceausescu last week was in the middle of a 17-day, eight-nation tour of Africa and the Middle East. One thing he surely spent little time worrying about was his political base back home. In his absence there was hardly an important area of national life that was not watched over by some relative he had placed in a top position over the years.

At 61, Ceausescu himself holds an impressive number of the levers of power in Rumania. Since he became Communist Party boss in 1965, the brusque and stocky onetime shoemaker has not only had himself designated President of the Republic and Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces but also chairman of the State Council and the Defense Council.

His immediate family has not exactly underachieved either. His wife Elena, 62, an engineer by training, presides over the chemical industry and is a member of the two highest party bodies, the Permanent Bureau and the Executive Political Committee. Elder Son Valentin, 32, is a physicist at Rumania's sole nuclear research facility. Daughter

Zoe, 29, is head of the mathematics department at the Henri Coanda Institute of Inventions. Son Nicolae ("Nicu"), 27, is secretary of the Union of Communist Youth.

Of Ceausescu's five brothers, Ilie is a major general. Ion is a deputy minister of agriculture. Marin is a counsel at the Rumanian embassy in Vienna, and Florea is a senior editorial writer for the party newspaper, *Scinteia*. His brother Nicolae (in Rumania, brothers sometimes have the same first name) is consul-general in Kiev.

Then there are the in-laws and lesser relatives. Last month the prime ministership was held by Manca Manescu, husband of Ceausescu's sister Maria. When he retired because of ill health, the job went to another brother-in-law, Ilie Verdet, husband of Ceausescu's sister Regina. Three other

family members are Deputy Prime Ministers, including Elena's brother Gheorghe Petrescu; he is in charge of Rumania's arms-making industry.

Among Rumania's 21.5 million citizens, Ceausescu's family-fostering ways have stirred no great undertow of resentment. After all, nepotism is an old Balkan tradition and may be a small price to pay for a new one that Ceausescu himself has invented: keeping independent of the Soviets. In both areas Ceausescu has proved himself an adept.

Nicolae Ceausescu



Education

A Jeremiad from Academe

One scholar's case against Government in higher education

The idea seemed cheerful enough to officials of the Government's National Endowment for the Humanities: the honor of giving the eighth annual Jefferson lectures, which NEH sponsors, would go to University of Chicago Sociologist Edward Shils, 68, a world-renowned expert on the role of intellectuals in advanced and developing societies. But Shils chose to compose a jeremiad attacking the Federal Government for interference with higher education. Last week the cries of anguished response stretched all the way back to Washington.

Taking as his text Jesus' command "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God, the things that are God's" (*Matthew 22: 21*), Shils sardonically assigned the role of Caesar to the Federal Government, while arguing that universities have a quasi-religious mission in so far as they pursue truths about nature and man. It would be proper, said Shils, for the two spheres to respect the differences between them. Instead, since World War II, according to Shils, the Government has ignored the universities' traditional function of searching for truth. It has pushed them into federal programs to train high-level experts, create defense technology and promote national economic growth. Eventually, Caesar also came to view the education provided by universities as an instrument for abolishing poverty and ending discrimination in American society.

Conceding that these are worthy goals, Shils nevertheless argues that they have become "seriously in conflict with the no less important ideal of the pursuit and acquisition of truth." His chief case in point: affirmative action programs affecting faculty hiring. Calling the power of faculty appointment the "most crucial" of academic matters, since it affects the quality of a university's research and teaching, Shils charges that Caesar "wishes to displace intellectual criteria and to diminish their importance in order to elevate ethnic and sexual criteria [But] he has no right to intrude into the internal processes which enable universities to perform their proper functions, he has no right, although he might legislate that right for himself from now till doomsday, to suppress or cripple the pursuit of knowledge.

By challenging hiring decisions, and even demanding to review private dossiers on faculty applicants, Government affirmative action officers cause "misappointments" to tenured faculty, doing

harm, warns Shils, "that lasts for a long time, longer than the villainous harassment of Senator Joseph McCarthy." Shils worries too about the size of federal research grants. Though they allow for "overhead" expenditures such as office equipment and utilities, the grants do not cover the full costs of research since they fail to cover deficits incurred in the original training of faculty members.

Shils also blames his fellow academics for adopting Caesar's goals while forgetting their own calling. When the University of California at Davis denied admission to white Medical School Applicant

net (such as law and medicine), to make expert advice available to Government decision makers, and to staff Government research projects that do not threaten to exhaust the university's stock of traditional intellectual capital.

Shils' remarks may be, as Government spokesmen charge, both intemperate and premature. But "Caesar's" reach is an object of concern throughout academia. "Governmental intrusion is a considerable and growing problem," says Stanford President Richard Lyman, 55, adding, "but curriculum and academic quality have not been seriously threatened." Affirmative Action Critic Nathan Glazer, a sociologist at Harvard, says a real danger to academic freedom is that faculty members "don't want to go to all the trouble" of proving they have been unable to find qualified blacks or women, so they tolerate inferior appointments.

At present, there are some 439 federal agencies with jurisdiction over some part of university life. Last year 26% of Harvard's total budget (or \$79 million) came from the Federal Government. Also 50% of MIT's (\$125 million), 46% of Princeton's (\$66 million), 41% of Oberlin's (\$1 million), and 17% (\$81 million) of the University of Michigan's. U.S. higher education cannot survive without Government money, but whoever pays the piper often gets to call the tune. Despite the best of intentions, Government clout in academia has grown, along with the red tape necessary to comply with the Government's rules.

The University of North Carolina is struggling to reach a compromise with HEW, which has accused the university of racial discrimination and threatens to withhold \$20 million in federal funds. In North Carolina, division between black and white colleges persists; the state is reluctant to abandon some traditionally black colleges that want to maintain their identity. Those who fear Caesar can also point to the case of Pennsylvania's Grove City College, a small, religiously oriented school that, on principle, has never taken a penny in federal aid. The Government sent Grove City a letter calling it a "recipient" of federal aid, and requested school officials to sign a paper assuring the school's compliance with provisions of Title IX of the 1972 Education Amendments (requiring equal opportunity for women). Grove City did not reply. It was not a "recipient" nor had it discriminated against women. Even so, because the college refused to fill out the HEW form, the Government has said it will view tuition aid funds granted to individual students at Grove City as a form of federal support and has threatened to withdraw them unless the school sends in its forms.



Sociologist Edward Shils at the University of Texas
Cries of anguish reaching back to Washington

Allan Bakke, Shils argues, the school placed claims to social justice above fidelity to intellectual criteria—thus losing all justification for "academic autonomy."

After Shils' broadside, National Endowment Chairman Joseph Duffey manfully defended Shils' freedom of speech, but emphasized that the scholar's opinions were not those of the NEH. Said he: "Personally, I support the principle that there are some limited, but critical, larger needs of a society from which a university is not immune." So does Shils. His list is a small and cautious one, though. Universities, he feels, are obliged to offer access to higher education for all who qualify, to provide training in those professions that have an intellectual compo-

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Press

The Mind of a Journalist

... is fair game in libel cases, says the Supreme Court

The nation's news organizations have been bemoaning so many lost First Amendment battles in the courts that they have begun to sound like a Greek chorus in a long running tragedy. In the past year, the U.S. Supreme Court has let New York Times Reporter Myron Farber go to jail for refusing to turn over his notes in a criminal trial, allowed Government investigators access to journalists' phone records, and in a decision that shocked many reporters, upheld a surprise police raid of a newspaper office. Last week the high court ruled 6 to 3 that newsmen must answer questions about what they were thinking when they prepared reports that resulted in libel suits. "The courts can take your notes, the Government can take your telephone records, and the police can march into the newsroom," said Jack Landau of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press. "Now libel lawyers can go into your brain. I'd like to know what's left." Landau's fears were widely shared by journalists. But this time, their outcries may be unwarranted.

The case involves a 60 Minutes segment challenging the claim by Army Lieut. Colonel Anthony Herbert (ret.) that he had been relieved of his command for reporting U.S. atrocities in Viet Nam to his superiors. Herbert sued Producer Barry Lando, Correspondent Mike Wallace, CBS and the *Atlantic Monthly* (which published Lando's account of his investigation of Herbert) for a total of \$44.7 million, claiming that he was made to look like a liar. During more than a year of exhaustive pretrial discovery, Lando sat through 26 sessions that produced 2,903



Anthony Herbert after his victory
A blessing in disguise for reporters.

pages of transcript. He answered questions about what he knew or had seen, whom he interviewed and what he had learned. But he refused to tell Herbert's lawyers about his conversations with Wallace, or why he decided to believe certain sources but not others, or how he chose what to put on the air and what to leave in the cutting-room. A lower court ordered him to comply, and CBS appealed.

Somewhat surprisingly, the network won a sweeping victory in 1977 from a federal court of appeals: an absolute privilege to refuse to answer any questions about editorial thoughts or conversations. "Faced with such an inquiry," wrote Judge Irving Kaufman, "reporters and journalists would be reluctant to express their doubts. Indeed, they would be chilled in the very process of thought."

Not many court watchers believed that reasoning would stand up in the Supreme Court. Writing for the majority, Justice Byron White asserted that the press already has a great deal of protection against libel suits. Ever since the landmark *New York Times vs. Sullivan* case in 1964, public officials—and, since 1966, public figures like Colonel Herbert—must prove "actual malice." That means that a journalist consciously lied or had serious doubts about the accuracy of his report. *Sullivan* thus made it essential to focus on the reporter's state of mind, argued White. Apparently, he added, no journalist has ever gone to court before to complain about these questions. In fact, press lawyers point out that a journalist can often help his case by testifying that even if he got his facts wrong, he did not realize it at the time. Many press lawyers even see Lando's loss as a blessing in disguise. If the court had barred state-of-mind questions, it might have abolished the actual malice standard and substituted one that made it easier for plaintiffs to prevail.

None of the Justices heeded Lando's argument that allowing questions about a reporter's thoughts would have a "chilling effect" on editorial decision making: White contended that only lies would be "chilled." Though they dissented, both Justice William Brennan and Justice Thurgood Marshall said they did not understand how a journalist could be prevented from thinking. Their concern was



Little Paper, Big Prize

A small newspaper likes nothing better than a national story in its own backyard. Last week at the Point Reyes (Calif.) *Light* (circ. 2,700), the paper's own backyard was a national story. The *Light* was awarded a Pulitzer Prize for its investigative articles about the activities of Synanon, the controversial drug-rehabilitation group with headquarters six miles away. Out-of-town journalists quickly descended on the paper's storefront office in Point Reyes Station (pop. 420) to interview the *Light*'s owners, Cathy, 34, and David Mitchell, 35. Armed with Stanford journalism degrees and experience on small papers elsewhere, the Mitchells bought the *Light* four years ago for "under \$50,000." Ironically, their Pulitzer—the gold medal for public service—is given only to newspapers and not to individuals, and so does not carry a \$1,000 award. Their paper could have used the cash, but Dave is not complaining: "If I were working on the *Washington Post*, I wouldn't have got the prize."

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Press

that journalists would be reluctant to discuss stories openly and frankly among themselves in the newsroom. Brennan would allow questions about these conversations only if the plaintiff could first show that he had been harmed by a false story. Marshall would ban them altogether.

In his majority opinion, Justice White did warn judges to be careful that the discovery process is not used for harassment or delay, in press cases or any others. Indeed, it may be that lengthy pretrial discovery, as Lando endured, is a much greater threat to freedom of the press than questioning a reporter's state of mind. Said Columbia Law School Professor Benno Schmidt: "Knowing that someone could tie you up for days in pretrial discovery at huge expense might be enough reason not to publish a story."

But the risk that a newspaper will be scared to print a story because it might be sued, or that sources will dry up if reporters are forced to turn over their notes, carries little weight with a majority on the high court—especially when it is balanced against a strong interest like a fair trial. Often jealous of their prerogatives, trial court judges are even less sympathetic. They tend to reject First Amendment claims that might get in the way of the judicial process, like subpoenaing a reporter to testify in a criminal case. Some judges also bar reporters from pretrial hearings in criminal cases, a practice the high court will rule on this spring.

Indeed, most judges seem to feel that the press is already free and robust enough without benefit of any special privileges. Over the past ten or 20 years, the press has become "more consistently probing and aggressive," agrees Press Critic Ben Bagdikian. "Now the authorities are striking back." That is why, he explains, there have been so many court clashes with journalists in the past few years. Before 1970 very few reporters were subpoenaed. Now they are being haled into court at the rate of more than 100 a year.

The practical impact of the First Amendment decisions on the press is hard to measure. Richard Salant, who joins NBC as vice chairman next week after retiring as president of CBS News, acknowledges that the major news organizations can afford to pay legal bills. But Salant fears that top journalists will "just say to hell with it" rather than go after stories that are likely to drag them into interminable litigation or land them in jail. "The big boys can take care of themselves," says Lawyer Floyd Abrams, who represented both CBS in the Herbert decision and Farber. "But what of the smaller papers that don't have the money to fight these cases?" Other observers are concerned that fears of chilling effect will become a self-fulfilling prophecy: the more local officials, lawyers and judges conclude that the press lacks certain special First Amendment protection in these cases, the more the press will really need it. ■

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Theater

Who Plays God?

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?

by Brian Clark

In earlier times, the question posed by this play's title would never have arisen. Life was God's, to give and to take. But medical technology's present ability to sustain inert human remnants poses a fresh moral dilemma. Between medical authority and an individual's right to decide his own fate, who plays God?

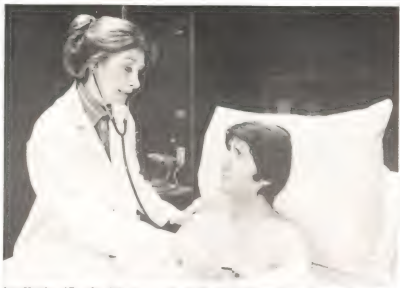
Ken Harrison (Tom Conti) is paralyzed from the neck down after a car crash. Possessing a terrible lucidity about his sorry state, Harrison wants to die. Self-righteously governed by a rigid ethical imperative, the doctor in charge, Dr. Emerson (Philip Bosco), means to prolong Harrison's existence.

Confined under the white sheets of a hospital bed, Harrison is a lively tribute to the resilience of the human spirit under duress. A sculptor by craft, Harrison has a witty tongue, an agile intelligence and a wicked gift for logic and paradox; yet his plight makes his animated flow of mockingly funny words self-scalding. Conti makes the character an irresistible charmer whose naughty pillow talk seduces the nursing staff and even Dr. Scott (Jean Marsh of *Upstairs, Downstairs* renown), who loses her professional cool along with part of her heart.

The play is didactic and padded with anemic subplots. It lives through Conti. Quite apart from his resonant vocal range, he has wondrously expressive eyes, incendiary in rage, impish in mischief, grave in contemplation and stinging in pain. Few Broadway debuts are so auspiciously marked on the dateless calendar of brilliance. It is a measure of Conti's achievement that we cheer his victory unto death and mourn the loss of the man in the same instant.

—T.E. Kalem

For much of his career Tom Conti has been called the British Dustin Hoffman. He looks so much like Hoffman that he once fooled even himself. "I did a film a couple of years ago," he says, "and there was a bit in which I was lying upside down, unconscious in a sailboat. The shot came up later on when I was watching the rushes and I thought, 'God! That's Dustin Hoffman.'" Conti also finds himself in odd positions in *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* but not for a second does the audience doubt whom it is seeing. The play belongs to Conti, and if Dustin Hoffman is not careful, he may some day be identified as the American Tom Conti.



Jean Marsh and Tom Conti share moments of pillow talk in *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*

Inflammatory in rage, impish in mischief, grave in contemplation and stinging in pain

Though he is now 37, Conti came to real prominence in Britain only three years ago in Frederic Raphael's remarkable television series, *The Glittering Prizes*, which followed a group of Cambridge students from college days in the '50s to careers in the '70s. Conti played the lead, Adam Morris, a witty Jewish outsider who becomes a novelist. American TV critics cheered his performance when the series was shown on many

PBS stations last year and applauded again when Conti played Norman in Alan Ayckbourn's comic trilogy, *The Norman Conquests*. Conti now has his own groupies among PBS fans who ask, "Why did it take so long for Tom Conti to be discovered?"

As it happens, Conti was asking himself that not so very long ago. There were times when he considered some other line of work. He plays the flamenco guitar with professional skill. He is fascinated by medicine and thought seriously about going to medical school. His conversation still leans toward the clinical, and in the course of a couple of hours he will discourse about antibiotics, the development of a new blood disinfectant, and a chemical theory of causality. "We're the sum of our chemicals, and we have no control over the electrochemical changes that run through our bodies. In a chemical sense perhaps, we're predestined."

So, chemically speaking, Conti has been an actor since he was born. One side of his equation, his father, was an Italian

hairdresser who had immigrated to Scotland. The other side, his mother, was a Scot, and Conti grew up in Paisley, near Glasgow. Being dark and half Italian in the land of the fair was not always easy; however, and Conti was subjected to the same kind of bias Adam Morris encounters in *The Glittering Prizes*. Says he: "I had the odd stone thrown at me. When that happened, I did what my father told me to do—I ran like hell!" He went to Roman Catholic schools, attended the Glasgow College of Dramatic Art, then worked in repertory. He married an actress, Kara Wilson, who temporarily gave up the profession when their daughter Nina, now five, was born.

That same year, 1973, Conti got his first break, playing a Brazilian guerrilla in Christopher Hampton's *Savages*. "It was real luck," he says jokingly. "There weren't too many people in England who looked the part. Thank you, Dad!" That role led to *The Glittering Prizes*, which made his name. Since then Conti has had a couple of commercial flops to go along with his successes, and because of his independence and desire to test himself with unusual scripts, his career will probably always have its ups and downs. "But Tom is one of those people who will always be rediscovered," says playwright Ayckbourn. "He is an idiosyncratic actor and a very strong personality."

To Conti the thrill of acting is in taking chances, whether they are offbeat plays or daring ways of acting. He will occasionally vary his lines in *Whose Life*, for instance. Says he: "I sometimes ad lib or sail close to the wind. The most exciting thing is to be on the razor's edge and not cut your feet."



Tom Conti

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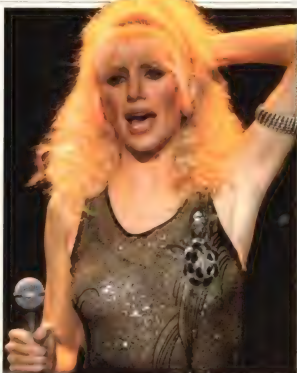


ALLEGHENY

People

In what Hollywood calls the "jiggly" syndrome of successful TV series featuring winsome leading women, *Three's Company's* **Suzanne Somers** has been one of the leading jigglers. But now the sensuous half of the feminine two-thirds of *Three's Company* wants to act seriously. Somers is in London's Wembley Stadium shooting *Yesterday's Hero*, the story of a veteran British footballer fighting age and alcohol. In the female lead, she is a hip rock singer. The role is certainly more fulfilling than her only previous feature film credit, a wandering blond in *American Graffiti* whose one line was a wan "I love you."

If it weren't for teenyboppers like **Tracy Austin** and **Pam Shriver**, U.S. tennis this season would be nothing but schmaltzy mixed doubles. First it was **Jimmy Connors** wedding his onetime *Playboy* playmate. Then last week, **Chris Evert**, long a top-ranker in women's play and once that way in Connors' court as well, wed British Davis Cup Player **John Lloyd** in a home-town candlelight ceremony in Fort Lauderdale. The 24-year-old queen of the base lines sounded blushing-unprofessional. Said the woman



Suzanne Somers as a rock singer in *Yesterday's Hero*

who has won Wimbledon three times and the U.S. Open four times: "This is only going to happen once."

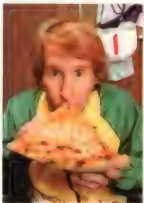
Talk about embarrassing moments: There was Treasury Secretary **Michael Blumenthal** in San Francisco's tony Beethoven's restaurant with a hefty dinner bill, an expired Visa card and a waiter demanding extra identification for an out-of-state bank check. Blumenthal solved his predicament uniquely: producing a dollar bill, he invited the waiter to match the check signature against the neat **WM Blumenthal** inscribed on the greenback's lower right-hand corner.

Why the frowns on those familiar television faces? In **Howard K. Smith's** case, it's because the venerable newscaster is piqued that ABC News under **Roone Arledge** seems less and less interested in the learned commentary that Smith delivers. As a result, he tacked a bull to the newsroom bulletin board announcing an

abrupt resignation from "a job without a real function."

Over at NBC, meanwhile, *Tonight* Host **Johnny Carson** loudly complains of fatigue after 17 years at the helm and wants to break out of a contract with two more years to run. Carson's blasts about overwork and diminishing creativity have a strangely familiar sound. Not unlike the media war he waged against NBC two years ago in order to trim his five-a-week live appearances.

Take heart, you runners. Time was when the American Presidents reserved congratulatory calls for more formal sports. Golfer **Dwight Eisenhower** had a preference for Augusta Masters champions; **Richard Nixon** was fond of Super Bowl coaches. And then last week there was **Jimmy Carter** calling Boston after watching the 83rd running of the best-known U.S. marathon. White House operators tracked down three-time Winner **Bill Rodgers** at his running-goods store in Brighton. "Hi," said jogging Jimmy, offering congrats and asking about other finishers. The President also invited



Rodgers nibbling pizza

Rodgers to a White House dinner next month honoring visiting Japanese Premier **Masayoshi Ohira**. When Carter mentioned his own daily jaunts, Rodgers applauded in return: "You're doing a good job as a runner—and as a President too."

On the Record

Ruth Carter Stapleton, on whether she will help Brother Jimmy's 1980 campaign: "I guess so, because we have a real close family. We weren't so close until Jimmy went into politics. Now Jimmy needs us every year for something."

Pierre Trudeau, Canada's Prime Minister, asked if he had read estranged Wife Margaret's lurid autobiography: "You want to know the nature of my thoughts? You won't get them."

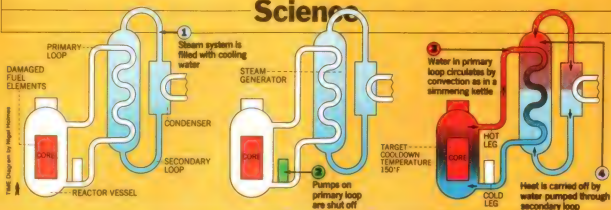
Lilli Palmer, actress turned successful author (*The Red Raven*), on her new writing career: "It's very nice to discover halfway through your life something you really want to do, instead of sitting home playing mother or worrying about your figure."

Jorge Luis Borges, Argentine author and philosopher (*The Book of Sand*): "The U.S. is a great power because it was left with no other choice, which is a form of decadence."



Evert and groom rice-splashed

Science



Now for Operation Teakettle

A long, arduous cooldown at Three Mile Island

At 9:34 one evening last week, technicians at the big nuclear plant in Wiscasset, Me., felt the floor vibrate under their feet. A minor earthquake had struck. It measured only 4.0 on the Richter scale and did no damage to the plant or much of anything else in New England. But the tremor must have caused shudders of delight in Washington. For once the Nuclear Regulatory Commission had

guessed right. Maine Yankee was one of five power plants on the East Coast, not known for its seismic risks, that it had ordered temporarily shut down last month—only two weeks before the Three Mile Island nightmare. Reason: to check their ability to stand up to a major earthquake.

As the NRC investigators continued their post-mortem on the Pennsylvania accident, an advisory panel recommended

installation of expensive new monitoring instruments at all 43 of the U.S.'s pressurized-water reactors—the type in use at Three Mile Island. The NRC also heard a complaint from a nuclear analyst for the Tennessee Valley Authority that the reactor's builder, Babcock & Wilcox, had brushed off his warning of a "serious" design problem. Perhaps of greatest immediate import, officials conceded that it may take several more weeks, possibly months, to achieve a "cold shutdown" of the crippled reactor, meaning bringing it down to the minimum possible temperature. Said NRC Operations Boss Harold



Alvin's Robert Ballard ponders a giant tube worm; the creatures in their crevices

Pink Giant of the Deep

As the tiny submersible *Alvin*, out of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, cruised at depths of nearly two miles in the Pacific 200 miles northeast of the Galapagos Islands, the vessel's bright strobe lights caught a curious sight: a cluster of vertical tubes growing in rocky crevices of this volcanically active region of the sea floor. Each pipe housed a pinkish worm with an elegant, red, feathery plume. *Alvin's* robot-like arms grappled up samples, and still more on a return visit earlier this year. Amazingly, some were giant worms, ranging up to 8½ ft. in length.

At first, laughs Woods Hole Biologist J. Frederick Grassle, "we didn't believe it." But since that original bit of serendipity, during *Alvin's* probe of the earth's great undersea rift zones, scientists have convinced themselves the spectacular pink giants are no joke. Indeed, the odd creatures have, so to speak, opened a whole new can of worms. Some scientists place them in a recent, still highly controversial biological grouping, or phylum, called *Vestimentifera* (after their cloaklike vestments).

Living quietly in the depths for millenniums, blissfully unaware of the scientific quarrels about them, the worms attach themselves to rock walls and form their tough, flexible nylon-like housing as they grow. They have no eyes, mouth

or gut, and absorb nutrients and oxygen through their elegant snouts. Especially fascinating to scientists is the fact that there is apparently no food shortage in this extraordinary unique ecological niche. The warming waters of undersea hot springs serve up a rich diet of bacteria and other microorganisms.



Denton: "I don't think we ought to commit ourselves to any more timetables—only safety."

During routine maintenance or refueling of a nuke, lowering a reactor's normal operating temperatures of about 315° C (600° F) is as simple as the binary code of the computer that does most of the work. Control rods are automatically dropped into the fuel core, which in effect douses its nuclear fires by stopping the fissioning of uranium atoms. Within several hours the temperature drops to 140° C (280° F). Then fresh coolant water is pumped through the reactor's heat exchanger (for steam generator) until the reactor's temperature dwindles to a still warmer 65° C (150° F)—about as "cold" as an operational reactor ever gets. It all takes about a day.

But there is nothing ordinary any more about Three Mile Island's Unit 2. For one thing, the collection of pumps and machinery called the residual heat removal system, essential to the final temperature drop, is not "canned." In nuclear-engineering jargon, that means it is not designed to handle coolant as radioactive as Three Mile Island's. If the elaborate plumbing system were turned on, it would flush contaminated water through pipes and into the plant's auxiliary building, from which it could leak into the atmosphere. The technicians also point out that the pumps themselves produce heat, and could increase water pressure, cause vibrations or otherwise disturb the reactor's touchy, damaged core. As Robert Bernero, the NRC's on-site decommissioning expert, told TIME Correspondent Peter Stoler: "When you've got a napping tiger, you don't want to rattle its cage."

Not rattling that cage is proving more difficult than anyone anticipated. But the NRC and its newly recruited experts from almost all over the nuclear map think they finally have a "non-textbook" solution that may succeed. For starters, they have settled on a series of complex, interlocking steps, some of which have already been initiated.

► Continual degassing of the bubbly water in the reactor's primary cooling system. Objective: to remove any lingering, potentially explosive hydrogen and reduce water pressure within the reactor.

► Testing pumps to see if they will circulate coolant through the reactor's steam generator, which creates the steam that normally powers the electricity-producing turbogenerator.

► Modifying the plant's entire cooling apparatus so engineers will have five back-up systems (vs. two normally) for quick mobilization should new trouble develop.

But these steps, which should bring the reactor temperature down to around 93° C (200° F), are only a prelude to the grand finale: a kind of exercise in Yankee ingenuity that the engineers are calling natural circulation. It is an apt name and involves elements of physics taught in grade school. Bypassing the residual heat removal system, the heat will be transported out of the core by free con-

vection—the principle at work when hot water circulates in a simmering teakettle.

To initiate this elegantly simple remedy, the entire secondary loop will be pumped "solid" with water rather than its usual complement of steam and water. Then the primary loop's pumps will be shut off. And lo, what might be called Operation Teakettle will start. Hot water will rise through convection in the reactor's core, and be carried off by a leg of the radioactive-tight primary loop that is already blueprinted as the "hot leg." The water's destination: the steam generator, where it will transfer (exchange, in engineering parlance) much of its heat to the water now flowing in the separated secondary loop. Presumably only low-level radioactivity will be passed on, and so, in a sense, the heat passing out of the system will not be accompanied by any dangerous cargo. Meanwhile, the water from the core, having yielded its heat—and thereby become denser and heavier—will flow down and out of the gener-



Maine Yankee's closed plant in Wiscasset

Shudders all the way to Washington.

ator into the primary loop's "cold leg." That will carry the water back into the hot reactor, where the water will be reheated, expanded and able to carry off still more heat in a steady repeat of the cycle.

Every degree will be a battle. Even under the best of circumstances, Operation Teakettle will take at least five days to lower the core temperature the final 28° C. But the NRC team is determined not to hurry the process with pumps or other heavy-duty machinery. All in all, the technicians at Three Mile Island are cautiously optimistic. But even after cool-down, their job will not be done. They must still purge the stricken and perhaps permanently wrecked plant of its overburden of frighteningly dangerous radioactivity, a process that could easily go on for months. Then they must figure out a way to dispose of tons of unprecedented high-level nuclear waste left by the nightmare. Even Yankee ingenuity has not come up with a solution to that one yet. ■

Milestones


BORN. To Goldie Hawn, 33, dizzy blond of *Laugh-In* fame and Oscar-winning star of *Cactus Flower*, and her singer-comic husband **Bill Hudson**, 29: their second child, first daughter: in Los Angeles. Name: Kate Garry.

DIED. Rogers C.B. Morton, 64, a Maryland Congressman from 1963 to 1971. Secretary of the Interior under President Nixon and Secretary of Commerce under President Ford: of cancer, in Easton, Md. After serving as an Army captain in World War II, Kentucky-born Morton joined the family biscuit business and, while helping his brother Thruston get elected to Congress, acquired a taste for politics. When the business merged with Pillsbury in 1951, Morton left his Kentucky home for Maryland's Eastern Shore, farmed for several years, and was elected to Congress. The tallest Representative (6 ft. 7 in.) quickly shot up in the G.O.P. In 1969 Nixon appointed him Republican national chairman and, two years later, Secretary of the Interior. Unscathed by Watergate, Morton in 1975 was named Commerce Secretary by Ford, whose presidential campaign he managed in 1976. An avid outdoorsman and sailor who was often thwarted by the White House in his efforts to "purify the environment," Morton was so fond of his adopted state's boating basin that he liked to say, "My initials C.B. stand for Chesapeake Bay." Actually, they stood for Clark Ballard.

DIED. Edward Fields, 66, leading designer and manufacturer of custom carpets, whose "area rugs" (his coinage) grace the floors of the White House Oval Office and the homes of the Rockefellers and Fords: of a heart attack, in Clearwater, Fla.

DIED. Donald K. David, 83, Idaho-born businessman and dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business (1942-55) who was responsible for promoting the case system of business education and for attracting one of the school's greatest patrons, John D. Rockefeller Jr.: in Hyannis, Mass.

DIED. Clarence Dillon, 96, Wall Street wizard of the '20s who guided the investment and banking firm of Dillon, Read & Co. to international prominence and father of C. Douglas Dillon, U.S. Secretary of the Treasury (1961-65); in Far Hills, N.J. The Harvard-educated son of a Texas merchant, Dillon joined Wm. A. Read & Co. in 1914 and ascended to its presidency in less than five years. He rattled Wall Street in 1925 by defeating Finance King J.P. Morgan in a bidding war for the Dodge Brothers Auto Co. The \$146 million check Dillon presented to the Dodge widows was then the largest cash transaction ever. After vastly expanding the firm's overseas investments, Dillon retired from business to cultivate, among other interests, the claret-yielding grapes of his famed Château Haut-Brion vineyard in France.



Cinema

COVER STORY

Woody Allen Comes of Age

In Manhattan he blends wisdom with wit to create a triumphant movie

The man has quit his high-paying, esteem-lowering job as the writer of a trendy TV comedy show to write a true and unsparing novel about the way he and his bright, privileged New York friends live. He is visiting the second of his two former wives. She was bisexual when they met, but after living with him for a few years she has become a lesbian. It is a choice he has still not come to terms with. "You knew my history when you married me," she says in self-defense. "My analyst warned me," he admits, but then, wrapping the tattered shreds of his romanticism about him, he adds, "but you were so beautiful that I got another analyst."

Later on the ex-wife publishes a book called *Marriage, Divorce and Selfhood* in which she unforgivingly exposes his every flaw. Appalled, he protests. But true to the spirit of her times, she regards confession not as an extension of the gossip column but as a value to be treasured more deeply than tact or taste. "Nothing I wrote was untrue," she snaps, when he accuses her of humiliating him deliberately. She closes the discussion by citing her work's endorsement by contemporary society's highest authority: "I think I'd better warn you that I've had interest in a movie sale."

The man is attracted to a handsome woman full of culture babble. Alas, he must hide his time until his best friend, who just happens to be married, breaks off his relationship with her. One day he does. She takes her dismissal with a chilling display of post-lib schizophrenia: "I'm beautiful. I'm young. I'm highly intelligent. I've got everything going for me except I'm all f—— up... I could go to bed with the entire M.I.T. faculty. Shit! Now I lost my contact lens." The sentence runs together like that because her completely contradictory sense of self and her priorities run together in the same way.

Later, he tries to describe his first wife to this woman. "She was a kindergarten teacher, then she got into drugs and moved to San Francisco. She went to est, became a Moonie. She works for the William Morris Agency now." In that throwaway speech he has captured the archetypal odyssey of our time. Wistful questings, the dopey cons with which our society too often responds, the inevitable end in materialism—they are all there in that ingeniously compressed comic moment.

"What does your analyst say?" It is the man's first, natural response when the handsome woman tells him she is going to return to her last lover. Since she is on a first-name basis with the



Manhattan shadings: Allen and Keaton meet at Museum of Modern Art, then get better acquainted in a Central Park storm

doctor, she replies: "Donny's in a coma. He had a bad acid experience." She sees nothing unusual in this. What do medical ethics or traditions weigh when measured against modishness?

"I give the whole thing four weeks," he tells her, repeating rejected lovers' immemorial cry. "I can't plan that far ahead," she counters, and, God help her, she is not kidding. Heartbroken, he muses more to himself than to her: "You always think you're going to be the one who makes them act different."

Who is this man? And why are these people doing these terrible things, if not always to him, then always in his shocked presence? His name is Isaac Davis, and he is directed by, played by and created by Woody Allen (with the assistance of his co-writer and friend, Marshall Brickman). Davis is the central character in Allen's new movie, *Manhattan*, and to put the matter simply, he is the mainspring of a masterpiece that is that perfect blending of style and substance, humor and humanity that his friends and followers were convinced he would one day make. It is also a rare summarizing statement, at once assured and vulnerable, in which an artist casts a selective eye over the fantastical life of his times and shapes his observations into an unsparing, compassionate, always witty and radically moral narrative. Tightly constructed, clearly focused intellectually, it is a prismatic portrait of a time and place that may be studied decades hence to see what kind of people we were.

In essence, what Woody Allen is saying in *Manhattan* is that our mental diets consist very largely of cultural junk food. We eat it up eagerly, because we are under the misapprehension that it is actually health food. The harm it does is hidden from us for years, like that of environmental carcinogens. We

do not connect the workings of these intellectual pollutants with those strange buzzings in our brains—that erratically sounding, endlessly distracting static that prevents contemporary men and women from hearing one another's voices clearly, and therefore from making the connections they desperately need. The deftness with which Allen exfoliates failing and failed relationships, the delicacy with which he demonstrates how broad cultural collapse influences personal deficiency, the balance he strikes between tenderness for the victims of these disasters and toughness about their own contributions to the moral lassitude of the time give *Manhattan* its singular, touching resonance.

It is a very deceptive movie. Shot in black and white (actually in a rich variety of grays painstakingly rendered by Cinematographer Gordon Willis), it announces at once that it intends to be different from the general run of movies. Still, the picture induces howls of laughter in the opening reels, raising expectations that we are again simply going to see the superb comic character whom Allen has been developing since the early '60s. After a while, however, the raucousness dies down. The movie never ceases to be funny, but it starts to be something more. In the end, by administering a series of steadily intensifying shocks of recognition, silence in the theater is almost complete—and there is something awed about it. We are not prepared for the earnestness, integrity and palpable truthfulness that is offered in *Manhattan*.

The film should not come as a complete surprise to anyone who has been paying attention to Allen's doings lately. This is the movie that *Annie Hall* hinted at and to which last year's *Interiors*, flawed as it was, seems to have served as a necessary prelude. It is even possible to perceive some of its themes in Allen's work ever since he began making movies on his own in

Cinema

1969 (*Take the Money and Run* was the first pure Woody). It could be argued that the difference between *Manhattan* and its predecessors is chiefly one of degree and control. But Allen has made so many changes that these differences now add up to nothing less than a transcendence.

Take simply the matter of visual style. His early films had a good workman's lack of clutter, and since Allen was almost as fond of visual parody as he was of the verbal kind, they showed an ability to ape the masters. Beginning with *Sleeper* (1973), a conscious coherence, a striving for a certain elegance came into his films, growing through *Love and Death* (1975), becoming lush and nicely jumbled in *Annie Hall* (1977), turning austere to the point of being mannered in *Interiors*.

Now the impression is of sheer confidence. The black and white carries an air of nostalgic romance, and it suits Allen's character in the film, who has, as Woody says, "the poignancy of age. He raps contemporary mores. He's clinging to Gershwin, the music of the past and to black and white." Beyond that, Allen lets long scenes play without break. The camera often just sits on his haunches and stares, without even a close-up or a reverse angle intruding. Variation comes from movement within the frame; sometimes, in fact, the actor moves right out of it, keeps talking off camera and then reappears. When a director trusts his material that much, he encourages the audience to trust it as well.

More important, there is the enriching of his own character to consider in evaluating *Manhattan*. The basic Woody persona has always been a well-loved figure, a projection of the modern urban Everyman's privately held fantasies and terrors. *Manhattan* challenges that sense of instant identification, and makes clear just how much fictionalization Woody has practiced on himself.

For example, the sexual clown, the man who used to do jokes about making obscene telephone calls to a girl, "collect," has now disappeared. Isaac Davis has his troubles with women, but he presents himself as a man who has "never had any trouble finding women." At the center of the film there is his relationship with a teen-age girl daringly presented in idealistic terms, an affair the old Allen would have made a guilty joke about and passed quickly over. Now he makes some guilty jokes but stays around to explore the affair and its meaning with tenderness and concern. Gone too are the jokes about his deprived childhood in Brooklyn. Isaac Davis has, it appears, absorbed his early life; the present is oppressive enough for him to try to cope with. Even the preoccupation with the silence of God (joke by overt) and with death are missing. We can only guess that Isaac still occasionally broods on these matters since, as Allen says, "death is the big obsession behind all the things I've done." But "in this picture it seems to be more integrated into the drama; it is less didactically stated."

None, including Allen, who is now 43, knows just how this obsession began and what sustained its growth. His relationship with his parents was close and loving. Brickman, 38, also a Brooklynite, surprisingly claims Allen learned "street smarts" at an early age. He adds that Allen's background was much more conventional than his own more bookish and politically oriented childhood. "Woody was little league and wanted to be an FBI agent and all that stuff," he says, exercising his comedy writer's prerogative to exaggerate,

"while I was licking envelopes to help save the Rosenbergs."

Allen Stewart Konigsberg, to call Woody by his real name, was a college dropout. But in high school he was already making money providing gags for pressagents and columnists to attribute to celebrities. He went on to that finishing school for an entire generation of comedy writers, Sid Caesar's *Your Show of Shows*. When Woody became a performer, though he hated standing out there all by himself, he climbed quickly to big clubs and television. He began his movie career as writer and player in a film he came to hate, *What's New Pussycat?* but it made money and helped establish him. Outwardly, Allen's history is in the tradition of the great American success stories. All his anguish is internal, which, of course, is not to be held against him.

As the one-liners have turned into dialogue of a rather subtle kind, Allen's old reliance on parody has also greatly diminished. He was an early devotee of the recent movie convention that comedy must live off the medium's own history, satirizing once beloved forms. *Take the Money and Run*, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* (1972) and *Bananas* (1971) contained brilliant brief send-ups of Ingmar Bergman and Sergei Eisenstein. But parody, like

one-liners, is distancing, a way of protecting yourself from the full implications of your obsessions.

Allen began submerging his parodic impulses, or, anyway, integrating them more closely into his story, as early as *Sleeper*. But as recently as *Annie Hall* he was still reluctant to abandon the security blanket he wove for himself out of one-liners and sight gags. Throughout that picture, he cut away from the story for straight-to-the-camera routines about his past life. After all, his career had been built on this direct style.

He felt obliged, as he once said, to keep "going for the big laugh all the time." Allen's mind drifts naturally to quick gags that he jots down on matchbooks and napkins as he wanders through life: it is a form of whistling past the graveyard.

That is why last year's *Interiors* was so important to his development. He forbade himself any jokes at all and forced himself to face up to the questions of how and why loving relationships fail—*Annie's* softly stated theme sternly reconsidered. The movie did not work. The avoidance of humor is as false to experience as an excess of it. In *Manhattan* he has found a balance, an organic relationship between wit and his characters' actions. We begin to see that it is not just through jokes that we practice denial of dread. Just about everything his people do here is a form of denial. Even ex-Wife Meryl Streep's devastating book is one, since it denies all that must have been good for a time in the marriage. Isaac's friend, the one he keeps exchanging his girlfriend with (the roles are expertly played by Michael Murphy and Diane Keaton), is supposed to be committed to writing an important book. His wife (Anne Byrne) keeps asking him to make another sort of commitment, to drop out of the rat race and begin to have children. Instead, he wastes his substance on a Porsche sports car, for which he has no conceivable need. And what is Keaton's endless chat about art, so superficial and vacuous (she and Murphy have an "Academy of the Overrated") in which they place, with much laughter, great artists they do not regard as chic, including Mahler, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Heinrich Böll, but a way of denying its power to raise discomfiting truths. It is also a way to avoid making any real creative commitment herself. On the same day, she is seen



Murphy, Keaton, Allen and Hemingway discuss art on SoHo sidewalk
Buzzings in the brain from too much cultural junk food.



Multifacial Woody: Bananas

writing a review of Tolstoy's letters for a little magazine and indulging in that most superfluous of literary activities, novelizing a screenplay.

Allen, in fact, sees everything all his people do, especially their sexual *la rondo*, as a gigantic denial. Late in the picture, dictating an idea for a story, Isaac says, "People in Manhattan are constantly creating these real unnecessary neurotic problems for themselves that keep them from dealing with more terrifying unsolvable problems about the universe."

In that statement, all the strands he has so carefully laid out in this movie come together. Visually, and with glorious help from an often ironically used Gershwin score, he has turned Manhattan, which is one of Allen's passions, into a dream city, deliberately contrasting the awesome aspirations implicit in its construction with the distracted lives he sees taking place in it. He says: "There's no center to the culture. We have this opulent, relatively well-educated culture, and yet we see a great city like New York deteriorate. We see people lose themselves in drugs because they don't deal with their sense of spiritual emptiness. I intend Manhattan to be a metaphor for everything wrong with our culture." He says that he and Brickman in their original script intended to make a direct comment on everything that they loathe about modern chemical, mechanized and ideological distractions. Though a few of these were lost in the final cut, it is hard to miss Allen's meaning. He does offer some tentative solutions to the issues he raises. One is contained in the character of the young girl, Tracy, played affectingly by Mariel Hemingway, 17, Papa's granddaughter. She is alarmingly direct and uncomplicated in her statement of love for Davis. His obsession with the age difference between them is something more than a bow to conventional morality; it is a convenient excuse for avoiding commitment. But while all the other characters are complicating their lives with excesses of cerebration, she is the one who offers to Isaac a reasonable definition of love: "We have laughs together. I care about you. Your concerns are my concerns. We have great sex."

Allen, perhaps idealistically, believes that in the end, the commitments we must make to one another come down to something that simple—if we have a little luck. "Each of us is so finely tuned that to have two people meet and then intermesh is a matter of luck. I've had friends who when they marry say, 'I know we're going to have to work at it.' I always think they're wrong. The things that are really pleasurable in life, whether it's playing softball or working on your stamp collection, really require no effort."

Allen is also convinced that the way to confront the spiritual emptiness that is much on his mind is by making a series of individual moral choices, based essentially on an instinctive sense of right or wrong. "We have to go at it the hard way, and come to terms with the fact that the universe seems to contain only the grimmest possibilities. We have to develop structures of our own that encourage us to believe that it genuinely pays to make the moral choice just from the pragmatic point of view."

By all accounts, Allen lives by his own precepts. Says Brickman:



Sex's court jester



Love and Death's patriot



As robot in Sleeper

is part of his character. "He seems to strive for some kind of excellence for himself in what he does that keeps him from anything that might smell of smugness."

Allen is not one of those show-biz creatures who embrace highly visible causes while slyly accumulating oil leases on the side. Producer-Manager Charles Joffe despairs of ever making a businessman out of Woody, and handles most of his affairs. Allen's "deal," as they say in Hollywood, is not as lucrative as it might be, partly because he seldom sells his pictures to network television (he hates the commercials) and because he would rather sacrifice money than lose the unlimited creative control he has over his work. "All Woody wants to do is make a dollar profit," Joffe reports. "He's always saying to me, 'If I make a dollar profit, then I can go on to the next picture.'"

Everything is submerged into his work, at which he labors compulsively, since it is the vehicle through which he exercises his self-determined imperative to keep growing intellectually and spiritually. His actors unfailingly speak of his kindness and patience, his refusal to let anyone but himself take the blame for a snafu. Yet, says Joffe, he can be "extremely arrogant and extremely hostile. He has to be goddam comfortable with you before he'll show it, and it's not really related to his ego. It's related to the demands he makes on himself."

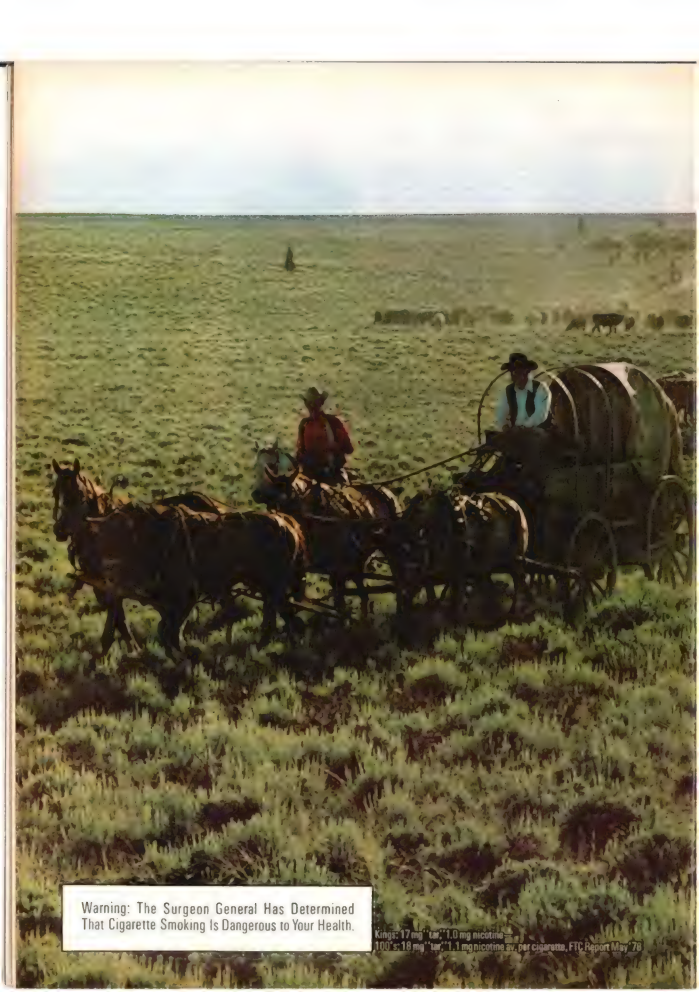
Joffe considers *Manhattan* the culmination "of a 20-year on-going discussion, a serious film that's a drama with comedy rather than a comedy with drama." So, it seems, the beloved loser was misleading everyone (well, almost everyone) all along, that the fierce, dogged spirit of a deeply committed artist lurked inside that scrawny frame. It is hard to say where he will go in the years to come, but perhaps Brickman offers the best clue when he talks about his disagreement with Woody about pizza. When they dine together, Brickman says, "I like the combination pizza. I think the true, important pie is the one with mushrooms, garlic and sausage. He likes the plain cheese pie, which seems to be unimaginative but he would claim is classic. I think now he's tending toward the plain cheese type of writing." Brickman pauses. "The other possibility is that he just likes the taste of plain pie, which I will never understand."

Certainly the drive for ever greater simplicity in one's statements of complex artistic truths is the mark of a maturing artist, as the work of Allen's idol, Bergman, testifies. At the end of *Manhattan*, making a list of the things and people that make life worth living, Isaac compiles a list of just such glories: Groucho Marx, the second movement of Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, Louis Armstrong's recording of *Potato Head Blues*, Haubert's *A Sentimental Education*, Cézanne's still lifes of apples and pears, among others. As it happens, he leaves out one important name, somebody who belongs on anyone's short list of today's essential cultural clarifiers and consolations. That name, of course is Woody Allen.

—Richard Schickel



Annie's Hassidic vision



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av.
100's: 18 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '76



Come to Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's —
you get a lot to like.



On the terrace of his Fifth Avenue penthouse overlooking Manhattan

An Interview with Woody

Of love, death, chicken soup and Bob Hope

It is not the largest apartment in Manhattan, but it may be the airiest. Woody Allen's penthouse duplex is high above Fifth Avenue, and its glass walls provide an illusion of floating. Outside, in foreshortened perspective, like Saul Steinberg's popular poster, stretches much of the city: the lakes and woods of Central Park, the skyscrapers of midtown, the ro-coco parapets of the West Side. This is literally and figuratively Woody Allen's *Manhattan*: the movie's opening sequence, a montage of romantic cityscapes, was largely shot from the director's own terrace.

Last week, just before the film's premiere, Allen sat on a comfortably worn couch with his back to the view. He had caught the flu and was huddling over a bowl of chicken soup ("the mythological panacea," as he called it). Between his upset stomach and the details of *Manhattan*'s opening, Allen's normal routine had been disrupted. When he is not shooting a film, Allen usually gets up at 7, writes all day, and then goes out for a late dinner at Elaine's with a few pals (Actor Michael Murphy, *Saturday Night Live* Staff Producer Jean Doumanian, his frequent collaborator Marshall Brickman).

Last week not much writing was being done. His home phone—a large console with pushbuttons to direct-dial friends and associates—was ringing, buzzing and blinking like a pinball machine. Earlier, Allen had checked out the theaters where his movie will play and found some of them wanting new screens and projectors had to be ordered to "keep *Manhattan* from looking like *The Day the Earth Blew Up*." Equally unsatisfactory was the typeface in a full-page Sunday New York Times ad for the film: a new mock-up awaited his inspection. The most annoying problem was the Motion Pic-

ture Association's decision to slap *Manhattan* with an R rating because of a few four-letter words. Allen was not pleased: "People say that the industry has a ratings board to keep the Government from invoking censorship—as if that's some big deal. It's censorship no matter who does it." Just the same, Allen would not dream of calling the ratings board himself and giving it a piece of his mind. That is not his style. "I have a tough time expressing anger to people," he explains. "Sometimes I wish I could raise my voice a little, but I just get quiet or become amusing. I can express anger to objects very, very easily, though. If the Cuisinart doesn't work, I have no trouble slamming it."

Such trivial bothers aside, Woody Allen seems content these days. Or at least as content as he can be. Rather unchar-

acteristically, he even seems tentatively pleased with his own work. "I wanted to make a film that was more serious than *Annie Hall*, a serious picture that had laughs in it," he says. "I felt decent about *Manhattan* at the time I did it: it does go farther than *Annie Hall*. But I think now I could do better. Of course, if my film makes one more person feel miserable, I'll feel I've done my job." He is only half joking. It is no wonder that his original title for *Annie Hall* was *Anhedonia*, a psychoanalytic term that means "incapable of experiencing pleasure."

Allen has his own misery, which is sincere and lifelong. It cannot be dissipated by the success of his movies. A shy workaholic who avoids the show-biz whirl and is never "on" in private, he not only talks about death in his films but spends a great deal of time thinking about it. "My real obsessions are religious," he says. "They have to do with the meaning of life and with the futility of obtaining immortality through art. In *Manhattan*, the characters create problems for themselves to escape. In real life, everyone gives himself a distraction—whether it's by turning on the TV set or by playing sophisticated games like the characters of *Manhattan*. You have to deny the reality of death to go on every day. But for me, even with all the distractions of my work and my life, I spend a lot of time face to face with my own mortality." In order to distract himself, Allen has spent his entire life compulsively mastering talents with fierce concentration: just as he spent hours practicing magic tricks as a child, he later set out to learn gap writing, performing, poker, sports, clarinet playing and finally film making. He also deals with his anxiety by seeing an analyst, but says, "That's only good for limited things—it's like going to an optometrist."

Manhattan, Allen feels, deals with the problem of trying "to live a decent life amidst all the junk of contemporary culture—the temptations, the seductions. So how do you keep from selling out?" Like



Keeping up with the clarinet in the dining room
Mastering talents with fierce concentration.

Cinema

Isaac Davis, his alter ego in the film. Allen tries to avoid selling out as much as possible. "I try not to do those things that will be successful at the expense of things that will be artistically more fulfilling. When I was young, I was always careful not to get seduced into TV writing. I was making a lot of money and knew it was a dead end; you get seduced into a life-style, move to California, and in six months you become a producer."

"At the personal level, I try to pay attention to the moral side of issues as they arise and try not to make a wrong choice. For instance, I've always had a strong feeling about drugs. I don't think it's right to try to buy your way out of life's painful side by using drugs. I'm also against the concept of short marriages, and regard my own marriages [five years to Harlene Rosen, two years to Actress Louise Lasser] as a sign of failure of some sort. Of course I sell out as much as anyone—insidiously. It's impossible not to be a sellout unless you give away all your physical possessions and live like a hermit."

Allen has considered that, at least in a limited way. "I have talked seriously with my friends about giving 75% of all my possessions to charity and living in much more modest circumstances. I've rationalized my way out of it so far, but I could conceive of doing it." He adds, laughing: "I could not conceive of leaving New York and becoming monastic, like in *Walden*. I'd rather die than live in the country—in a small house or even in a nice house." (His friend Dick Cavett says, "Woody is at two with nature.") Even now, Allen does not live up to his means. His home is attractive, but not opulent, containing more books and records than anything else. His wardrobe of plaid shirts, jeans and beat-up jackets is the same he wears in his movies. "Mariel Hemingway just saw *Annie Hall* again and called me up, amazed that I wore the same clothes she sees me in all the time," Allen recalls. "Actually I wear some of the same clothes in both *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan*. I'm still wearing a shirt I wore in *Play It Again, Sam* on Broadway in 1969." The only true indulgences he allows himself are a cook and driver, as well as a compulsion to pick up dinner checks. His isolation from financial affairs is so complete that he gave his producer-manager, Charles Joffe, the power of attorney to sign all his contracts and even his divorce papers.

Allen places no more of a premium on intellectual prowess or talent than he does on money or status. "I know so many people who are well educated and supereducated," he explains. "Their common problem is that they have no understanding and no wisdom. Without that, their education can only take them so far. On the other hand, someone like Diane Keaton, who had not a trace of intellectualism when I first met her, can always

cut right to the heart of the matter. As for talent, it is completely a matter of luck. People put too much of a premium on talent; that was a problem of the characters in *Interiors*. Certainly talent can give sensual, aesthetic pleasure; it's like looking at a beautiful woman. But people who are huge talents are frequently miserable human beings. In terms of human attributes, what really counts is courage. There's a speech I had to cut out of *Manhattan* and plan to get into the next film, where my character says that the metaphor for life is a concentration camp. I do believe that. The real question in life is how one copes in that crisis. I just hope I'm never tested, because I'm very pessimistic about how I would respond. I worry that I tend to moralize, as opposed to being moral."

Allen first began to grapple with these issues on film in *Interiors*, and he plans to make more serious films in the future. "I have always felt tragedy was the highest form, even as a child, before I could articulate it. There was something about the

**"If my film makes
one more person feel
miserable, I'll feel
I've done my job."**

—Woody Allen 1979

moodiness, the austerity, the apparent profundity of Elia Kazan's films than that sucked me in. With comedy you can buy yourself out of the problems of life and diffuse them. In tragedy, you must confront them and it is painful, but I'm a real sucker for it." Allen did not have a role in *Interiors* and will not act in his serious movies. "I can act within a certain limited range," he says, but notes that while making *Manhattan*, he had to resist a "real temptation" to play a sad drunk scene for laughs. "I could never see myself sitting in an analyst's chair in a film, talking about my mother and shock treatments and gradually crying—not if my life depended on it."

If Allen has a favorite actor, it seems to be Keaton. Talking about her always cheers him up. "She has no compunction about playing a lovable and gangly hick in *Annie Hall* and then very neurotic and disturbed women in *Interiors* and *Manhattan*. That's the mark of an actress and not a movie star. Keaton also has the eye of a genius, as you can see in her photos, collages, silk screens and wardrobe. She can dress in a thousand more creative ways than she did in *Annie Hall*. When I first met her, she'd combine unbelievable stuff—a hockey shirt, combat boots, some chic thing from Ralph Lauren." Though

Allen and Keaton have not been romantically involved since 1971, they remain close, and he hopes some day to create a musical for her.

Another actress Allen admires is his *Manhattan* co-star, Mariel Hemingway, who is 17. "I wrote the part for her after seeing her in *Lipstick* and stumbling across her photo in Andy Warhol's *Interview* magazine. She met with me, and after two minutes I knew she was right. When we were making the film, she always stayed in character when we improvised. Even when I went off in an unexpected direction, she could always go with the scene."

Allen will be in his new film, which begins shooting in September. He hopes the movie will go "deeper in both comic and serious directions" than *Manhattan*. "I want to make a film that is stylized and very offbeat. I want to try being funny without jokes, to rely less on dialogue and try to tell the story in images more." Once again, audiences will see some emulation of Ingmar Bergman, his favorite director. "Bergman amazes me in part because he tells intellectual stories, and they move forward for endless amounts of time with no dialogue."

Not that Allen has forgotten about laughs. While in the thick of making *Manhattan*, he spent dozens of hours watching Bob Hope movies to compile a one-hour film tribute for a Lincoln Center gala honoring the comedian. "I had more pleasure looking at Hope's films than making any film I've ever made," Allen says. "I think he's just a great, huge talent. Part of what I like about him is that flippant, Californian, obsessed-with-golf striding through life. His not caring about the serious side at all. That's very seductive to me. I would feel fine making a picture like *Sleeper* tomorrow, but I get the feeling the audience would be disappointed. They expect something else from me now. But I wouldn't let that prevent my doing it. It would be just too much fun to make a real out-and-out junk kind of thing." With some regret, Allen found himself having to cut jokes out of *Manhattan* in the editing. "They were very funny—not just one-liners, but sight gags—but in the context of the film, they looked like they had dropped down from the moon."

With *Manhattan* behind him and his new film partly written, Allen is taking the first vacation of his career, a week in Paris. "I made plans to go on several occasions," he says, "but I always called up my travel agent and called it off at the last minute. It got to be a big joke among my friends. But I like Paris. It wouldn't kill me if someone said I would be forced to live there the rest of my life." In Paris, Allen plans to do "the exact same things" he does at home: drift around, eat and go to movies. Or maybe he won't. "If I get my predictable anxiety attack," Allen adds, "I'll get on the next plane and come right back to New York."

—Frank Rich



The Reserve Board chairman (center right) meeting with members of the Open Market Committee

BRUCE—BLACK STAR

Economy & Business

The Fed vs. Jimmy's Aides

Seeing slowdown instead of surge, Bill Miller declines to tighten money

As it enters the fifth year of recovery, the longest in peacetime history, the U.S. economy is throwing off conflicting signals of whether it is speeding up or slowing down. Largely because inflation-pinched consumers are reducing some spending, the output of goods and services grew at a paltry 0.7% annual rate in this year's first quarter, way down from almost 7% in last year's final quarter. Yet a batch of fairly robust statistics indicates that there was a rebound in March, and that is causing a significant split in the Carter Administration over what policy to pursue.

The differences were felt most keenly last week at the monthly meeting of the Federal Reserve Board's Open Market Committee, which determines the pace of money growth and interest rates. The 17 members, seated around a 30-ft. mahogany table in the room where some of the most secret plans of World War II were drawn up, faced an exquisitely difficult choice. They had to decide whether to further tighten credit and raise interest rates, thus taking the risk of tipping the nation into recession, or to maintain rates at their present levels, which might worsen inflation. Their deliberations will be kept secret for a month, but early signs are that the committee, which has been closely divided on the issue in the immediate past, voted not to lift rates at all.

The independent Reserve Board's decision went against the advice of some top Administration advisers, including Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal, Inflation Adviser Alfred Kahn and Chief Presidential Economist Charles Schultz. Sensing that a surge of inflation is in the making, they take the position that money policy should be tightened to produce a mild slowdown. The alternative, they fear, is too fast economic growth that would lead to even worse inflation—and then a

sharp recession later on. Private economists as ideologically diverse as Conservative Alan Greenspan and Liberal Arthur Okun, both members of TIME's Board of Economists, support the case for tighter money. Says Greenspan: "A recession is unavoidable. The sooner we have it, the better off the economy will be." Adds Okun: "Despite high interest rates, there is no place in this economy where anybody is saying no to a borrower."

Feeding the fears is a flock of boomy indicators. In March unemployment remained relatively low, industrial production rose strongly and housing starts increased. Businessmen also have been building up their stockpiles, raising the danger that in event of an economic slowdown later this year, they might be caught with big backlogs and forced to cut back severely, causing a deep economic drop.

Disagreeing with the tight-is-right philosophy, Federal Reserve Chairman G. William Miller contends that the strong March statistics represent a temporary rebound from weather-battered January and February, and that because of the lag in monetary policy any further money stringency now would dangerously aggravate a future decline. Many private and Government economists agree with him. As Miller told TIME Washington Economic Correspondent George Taber: "The economy is slowing. The leading indicators are down. I see housing starts down in the first quarter compared with the first quarter of last year. I see a mod-

eration in personal income. I see a moderation in consumer installment debt. I see retail sales moderate to soft. I see no evidence of businessmen suddenly hoarding materials."

Miller believes that economic growth will pick up slightly in the second quarter, to about a 2.5% rate, and then decline to 1% or 1.5% in the second half. He predicts low growth continuing early next year—in all, five to six quarters of

sluggishness. He does not anticipate a recession this year or next but concedes that the risk of such a slump early next year is growing. Adds Miller: "On prices, we're going to have bad news pretty much through the first half of the year. It will be the second half before we begin to see the inflation rate begin to turn down. But it will take four, five, six, seven years to wring this inflation out."



Fast cash from a bank machine

Even many Administration insiders recognize that their anti-inflation policy is not working. Admitted a top policymaker: "We cannot go on expecting the wage and price guidelines to hold." Since President Carter has ruled out mandatory controls, the only other policy choice, in the view of White House advisers, is to raise interest rates. Leaks to the press and other pressures on Miller to tighten money became so obvious before the Open Market Committee meeting that Carter sent notes to Blumenthal and Schultz telling them to stop it. The President did not necessarily oppose the Fed's raising interest rates, but he did not want the voters to blame him for it. Said

a White House staff member: "There was a feeling that if a Democratic Administration was even tighter than the Federal Reserve Board, something was wrong. Put the monkey on the Fed's back, not ours."

To complicate the Federal Reserve's problem, it is becoming even tougher to make major policy decisions on the basis of money growth figures. Officially, the nation's money supply has not grown since October, and in the past three months, M-1 (currency plus checking accounts) actually declined 1.5%. But Fed insiders believe that the actual stock of money that is available to be spent has been expanding by perhaps 6% to 7%. Reason: there is a proliferation of new financial devices that effectively enlarge the money supply but are not measured by the old standards. One of these innovations ran into problems last week. The U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington ruled that automatic transfers of funds from savings to checking accounts violate current banking laws; but the transfers will be allowed at least until Jan. 1, to give Congress time to liberalize the laws. There are many other sources of liquid assets. The increasingly popular money market mutual funds, unlike conventional securities, permit holders to draw out their money immediately and put it to use.

In addition, Americans are using many sources of credit over which the Federal Reserve has little direct control. Sears, Roebuck and other retail chains are pushing instant credit, as are finance companies, credit unions and similar "near banks." Moreover, bank depositors can lay their hands on credit and cash around the clock by sticking plastic cards into street-corner automated teller machines. Says Finn Caspersen, chairman of Beneficial Corp., which charges up to 20% interest on personal loans: "The consumer is borrowing today's dollar to get today's goods and is paying back with tomorrow's inflated dollars. It's a rational choice."

But, as Miller notes, consumer spending, the key propellant in the economic expansion, seems to be waning. Americans are up to their credit cards in debt, with installment and mortgage payments taking 23% of their disposable income, up a full three points since 1975. At the same time, soaring prices for food and energy are eating into paychecks and limiting consumer ability to repay loans and make other purchases.

In this volatile environment, the Federal Reserve chairman argues that the board should take great care before making any marked change. As he told TIME: "We must avoid the unpredictability of monetary policy and moderate the swings of interest rates. Last summer there was criticism that if the Federal Reserve tightened money, we would wreck the economy. Now the clamor is the other way, telling us to do more. We must resist those temptations and have more nerve and sense of responsibility to look at the final good for the nation and not to our popularity from week to week."

Catching the New York Disease

Rent control starts to spread across the country

The political rebels of the 1960s are no longer without a cause. They have discovered rent control. Behind the overwhelming endorsement that voters of affluent Santa Monica, Calif., gave rent control two weeks ago was the Campaign for Economic Democracy, a group started by Tom Hayden and his Oscar-winning wife, Jane Fonda. They are promoting rent control up and down California. As Fonda told a tenants' group outside San Francisco last week, "We're not trying to screw landlords out of their profits, but we have to find a way for people to get a roof over their heads while landlords make a decent profit. What we have to do is eliminate the greed quotient."

in Miami Beach, where some rents have doubled in five years, is trying to bring back the controls that the city council voted out two years ago.

A legacy of World War II, rent control went into effect throughout the nation in 1943 to protect the families of servicemen overseas and industrial workers at home. After the war controls were lifted everywhere except New York City, where they remain to this day. Opponents of rent control, who include some citizens' groups as well as landlords and real estate developers, point to New York's devastated South Bronx, Brownsville and Williamsburg as examples of the damage controls do. Unable to raise rents to pay



Fonda and friends celebrating victory over the landlords in Santa Monica, Calif. To middle-class tenants, a way of eliminating "the greed quotient."

High rents and Proposition 13, which granted tax relief to property owners but not to renters, have stirred up California's tenants. They had appealed to landlords to pass on a portion of their tax savings to them, but many landlords refused to do so. As a consequence, Santa Monica enacted one of the stiffest control laws in the country and rolled all rents back to the levels of April 1978. Since November, Los Angeles, Berkeley, Davis and parts of Beverly Hills have voted for rent control. San Diego consumers are agitating to get rent control on the ballot for a September election.

In many cities and suburbs, the issue is catching on because inflation is combining with a diminishing apartment market to bloat rents. Washington, D.C.; Montgomery County, Md.; Boston, Brookline and Cambridge, Mass. and a number of small towns in New Jersey have enacted rent controls since the early 1970s. In the past twelve months, bills calling for some form of controls have been introduced in the state legislatures of New Mexico, Arizona, Oregon, Hawaii and Pennsylvania. A tenants' association

for higher fuel, taxes and other costs, owners let their buildings run down and often abandon them. In the two years that controls were in effect in Miami Beach, there was no new rental construction and no sales of existing rental buildings except at distress prices. Building maintenance and services were cut back, causing widespread deterioration. Homeowners rebelled at having their taxes go up as the value of taxable rental real estate declined. To elude rent controls, landlords often convert buildings to condominiums, and tenants must either buy or get out.

Still, controls seem to captivate more and more middle-class tenants. To them, rents are an easily identifiable and ever-increasing part of their budgets, even though the rent component of the Consumer Price Index since 1967 increased only 71%, while the CPI as a whole went up 107%. Says George Sternlieb, director of the Center for Urban Policy Research at Rutgers University: "Such people know the evils of rent controls. But in view of their immediate concerns, many have adopted an attitude of 'I'll worry about posterity tomorrow.'"

Bending Those Guidelines—Again

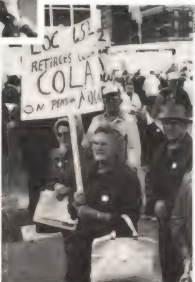
Advice for the Administration: "Stay the hell away"

When they sit down to bargain with the car and truck manufacturers this summer, the United Auto Workers intend to drive right over President Carter's wage guidelines. This was made clear by the 3,500 delegates who crammed Detroit's Cobo Hall last week for a special convention to sort out contract demands. Douglas Fraser, the U.A.W.'s blunt president, vowed to ignore the guidelines when negotiations begin on the new contract (the current one expires Sept. 14). Thundered Fraser: "The Teamsters bent the hell out of the guidelines. I don't believe the 7% is a reality any more." The whole anti-inflation program, he added, is "for all intents and purposes dead."

for retirees will be the No. 1 priority demand for the U.A.W. in 1979.

Outside Cobo Hall, demonstrators pressed for a cost of living adjustment (COLA) for 205,400 retired auto workers and 29,100 surviving spouses. The current agreement does not have a COLA clause but pays pensioners about the same \$700 a month that they were getting six years ago. Some union delegates are now talking about a raise to \$1,100, plus a COLA.

Union officers flinch at the mere mention of a strike. Woody Ferguson, president of Detroit Local 174, which has 17,000 members, notes that the high cost of living would almost prevent a long walkout. Said he: "We can no



U.A.W. delegates waiting for Fraser (top center), while pensioners demonstrate outside hall
After the Teamsters settlement, a 7% increase did not seem like reality any more.

It does not look very lively, after the Teamsters won wage-and-benefit increases that stand to amount to 31½% over three years. Naturally, the 1.5 million member U.A.W. would like to match the Teamsters' sweet deal. Fraser contends that the President's guidelines restrain wages while allowing prices and profits to rise. Angered by the Government's intervention in the Teamsters' negotiations, he warned against interference by Carter's arbiters during the U.A.W. talks. Said Fraser: "My advice is that they should stay the hell away and let us settle with the auto companies by ourselves. They will not be welcome. We'll lock the goddamn door."

Behind the door, talks may focus less on higher wages than on another goal. Declared Fraser: "Cost of living protection

longer strike over 5¢ for weeks on end." But if there is a strike, which company would be the target? Union representatives believe that Chrysler is too weak financially to weather a major stoppage. Ford was the target of the last strike, which lasted 28 days in 1976. So it might be General Motors' turn to take the heat.

Still more of the bounce seemed to be taken out of Carter's guidelines program in Akron last week. Negotiators for the 55,000-member United Rubber Workers, a strike-prone union whose contract expired last week, claimed that they had come to a tentative agreement with three of the nation's four major tiremakers. The deal, according to the union, would include raising the current average wage of \$8 an hour by \$1.14 over three years, increasing the COLA clause and pensions,

giving a Christmas bonus to retirees and providing for retirement after 25 years on the job. All in all, said U.R.W. President Peter Bommarito, the package would "substantially exceed the wage and price guidelines."

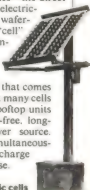
Carter asked Inflation Adviser Alfred Kahn, Chief Economist Charles Schultz and Labor Secretary Ray Marshall to meet with both sides and try to reduce the terms. Schultz publicly hinted that the Government would act against any company that signed a guidelines-busting agreement, perhaps by withdrawing federal procurement contracts. Representatives from Goodyear, Firestone, BF Goodrich and Uniroyal met with Carter's advisers, but Bommarito declined, although he said he would get together with Federal Mediator Wayne Horvitz and officials of Uniroyal this week. In any case, Bommarito warned, if the tiremakers try to settle for less than the union had announced, he was prepared to call a strike. Likely targets: Goodyear or Uniroyal. ■

Solar Sell


The sun rises in the West

It is not called the Golden State for nothing. California is becoming the nation's leading proving ground for solar energy, accounting for nearly half of all U.S. solar sales of \$190 million last year. The state has plenty of sun and plenty of activists who see nonpolluting solar energy as the benign antidote to nuclear power. It also has a generous law—put through by Governor Jerry Brown—that allows 55% of solar costs, up to a maximum of \$3,000, to be written off as a credit against state income taxes. The resulting demand has persuaded more than half of America's solar manufacturers, including Arco Solar, the well-bankrolled subsidiary of Atlantic Richfield, to locate their headquarters in the state.

Nearly 90% of all sales are for conventional thermal devices that use the sun's rays to heat rooftop water panels, which in turn heat swimming pools and home water systems. But the exciting side of the industry that is attracting the larger companies is photovoltaics—the direct conversion of sunlight into electricity. The theory is simple. A wafer, thin, 3-in. to 4-in. plate or "cell" that is sliced from a chemically treated silicon crystal will give off direct-current electricity when exposed to light. The amount that comes from each cell is minute, but many cells can be wired together in rooftop units to provide a maintenance-free, long-lasting, nonpolluting power source. During the day the cells simultaneously produce electricity and charge up batteries for nighttime use.



Panel with photovoltaic cells

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"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

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Pete Accetta

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York



FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL.
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Vantage

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Economy & Business

Hong Kong's Golden Link

Opening up shop in China, where space is big and pay is small

But even in California the science of photovoltaics is in its infancy, and the cells remain expensive and not very efficient: the 1,500 sq. ft. of units required to power a typical one-family home would cost at least \$40,000. Electrical power is measured in the number of watts that can be generated from a single power source. The cost of building and maintaining a plant to generate a single watt is about \$1 from a coal-powered utility and about \$1.25 from a nuclear power plant. The cost of a watt from photovoltaic cells has come down from \$22 in 1975 to between \$8 and \$10 today. The Department of Energy has set a goal of reducing the cost to \$2 by 1982, to 50¢ by 1986 and to no more than 30¢ by 1990.

The Los Angeles department of water and power plans to build a 200-kw photovoltaic system that may provide the energy to run a power plant's cooling tower in suburban Sun Valley, Calif. If this project gets federal funding and goes through, it would be eight times larger than the biggest existing photovoltaic system. Up to now, such systems have generally been confined to remote and inaccessible locations where the costs of providing conventional power are prohibitive. For example, in California solar cells generate energy for Coast Guard buoys, rural water pumps, VHF telecommunications relay towers, automatic weather stations and even an Air Force radar station. In addition, Kansas oil wells use solar electricity to inhibit the rusting of metal; a remote Arizona Indian reservation gets its power from cells, and even the Saudi Arabian government plans to line its Jidda-Riyadh highway with 400 solar-powered emergency call boxes.

The efficiency of cells is also rising. Ten years ago, they could convert to electricity only 2% of the theoretical average 100 watts of the sun's energy that falls on a square foot of earth; now they can convert 16%. To intensify the sun's rays, the Los Angeles project would use parabolic and elliptical cells instead of flat ones. Arco Solar and other companies including Exxon, Mobil and Shell are working in intense rivalry and secrecy on such matters as improving storage batteries, finding better materials to substitute for silicon and even mass-producing flat "ribbons" of silicon to replace the present chunky and uneconomical crystals.

Even if breakthroughs are made, solar power probably will be able to provide no more than 5% of the nation's energy needs by the end of the century. But there is potential for more over the longer term, now that an increasing number of large companies are putting more effort and more money into research and development. Unlike conventional centralized power stations with their huge distribution networks, photovoltaic cells can be located where the demand is and, in time, can probably be mass-produced. ■

"A barren island with hardly a house upon it." Such was British Foreign Secretary Lord Palmerston's contemptuous description of Hong Kong before it was ceded to the British by a weak Chinese regime at the close of the Opium War in 1842. As a fruit of war, it was not considered a peach. But over the past 137 years, the once blighted island has developed into a bustling seaport colony that boasts a thriving economy. Though Britain's lease on 90% of the 400-sq.-mi. area expires in only 18 years, residents expect a glowing future of political stability and more prosperity.

Last month Sir Murray MacLehose

ping, banking, retailing and other fields. Trusted Chinese are assigned to work in these ventures to learn Western management methods. Now the Chinese are trying to draw both investment money and expertise directly into China. This could transform the Hong Kong economy in the next few decades. Hong Kong has embarked on a long, perhaps inexorable process of economic integration with China.

More agile Hong Kong businessmen have started to shift some of their production to China, which has what the overcrowded colony lacks: plenty of space and unskilled labor. Already 200 firms



Peking-owned Yue Hwa department store sells only mainland goods in the colony

On a long, perhaps inexorable process of commercial integration with the big neighbor.

became the first Hong Kong Governor ever to pay an official visit to Peking. His warm reception by Chinese Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping (Teng Hsiao-ping) was a signal of Peking's intent to allow the colony to maintain its traditional status and increasingly to involve it in the push to modernization. On his return, MacLehose quoted Deng as saying that investors in Hong Kong should "put their hearts at ease." In short, China's pragmatic post-Mao leaders value Hong Kong as a window on the world and a source of foreign exchange, investment capital and expertise.

Reports TIME Hong Kong Correspondent Ross H. Munro: "The Chinese export some \$2 billion a year to the colony. They earn a further \$2 billion in remittances from Hong Kong residents to their relatives on the mainland and from some 50 Hong Kong-based companies that the Chinese control in ship-

ping, banking, retailing and other fields. Trusted Chinese are assigned to work in these ventures to learn Western management methods. Now the Chinese are trying to draw both investment money and expertise directly into China. This could transform the Hong Kong economy in the next few decades. Hong Kong has embarked on a long, perhaps inexorable process of economic integration with China. More agile Hong Kong businessmen have started to shift some of their production to China, which has what the overcrowded colony lacks: plenty of space and unskilled labor. Already 200 firms have some operations in China—mostly of the labor-intensive kind—and 200 more expect to set up shop there by year's end. For example, Hong Kong's Asia International Electronics Ltd. sends components for its radio/tape cassette players to factories in Peking, where they are put together before being shipped back to the colony for final assembly and export. The Chinese workers are paid \$25 a month, less than one-sixth of what A.I.E. pays its Hong Kong employees. Soon the Chinese will be assembling A.I.E. television sets, which will be sold in the U.S. under the "Williamsons" name as well as under private labels of K-Mart and other chains. In another case, Harper's International, a Hong Kong automotive distributor, plans to build a big bus-and-truck assembly plant in Shenzhen (Shumchun), just across the border from Hong Kong. In Shenzhen, Chinese are already assembling handbags, shoes,

Economy & Business

key chains and plastic flowers for Hong Kong companies.

Such deals create jobs for China's workers, give its managers modern manufacturing experience and generate foreign-exchange earnings. The Hong Kong companies, for their part, benefit from cheaper Chinese labor and can thus keep export prices low. In the future, Hong Kong may specialize in merchandising and putting sophisticated finishing touches on products. But the colony also has a number of unskilled workers, and some of them could be hurt in the process.

Other problems becloud the generally bright landscape. The Hong Kong dollar has lately slipped 8% against the U.S. dollar because the colony suffered from a \$1.8

billion trade deficit last year and is experiencing double-digit inflation, caused largely by an influx of foreign investment and a sharp rise in bank loans for Hong Kong's overheated real estate and property development market.

A minority of businessmen wonder if Hong Kong may be undercutting itself by shifting operations to China. Says Jack Tang, chairman of South Sea Textile Manufacturing: "In effect, you're setting up a plant with the latest machinery and you're teaching the mainland Chinese production and marketing. When your contract expires, you find that you have just created more competition for yourself."

Other Hong Kong leaders respond

that the colony's enterprises are much more efficient, innovative and market-oriented than those of the Chinese. A leading Hong Kong businessman, having returned from a tour of mainland factories, estimates that a Chinese factory as a whole is only one-seventh as efficient as one in Hong Kong. The general bullishness is summed up by Sir Lawrence Kadoorie, 79, a Hong Kong-born multimillionaire, who is negotiating to buy large amounts of Chinese coal for a new Hong Kong generating station that will supply electricity to neighboring Guangdong (Kwangtung) province. As he gazes out at Hong Kong's beautiful harbor, he asks: "Is there any place on earth where the future looks brighter than here?"

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Where Big Money Is Made

Country music, that vivid, livid mirror of America's loves and hates, reflects a growing target: the rich. Listen to Johnny Paycheck, folk philosopher with a gritty guitar:

*This ole boy, hell, I've had enough
Of the way the big man rakes it in.*

The big men in some corporations are sure raking it in. April's shower of proxy statements reveals that a few fortunate chiefs are drawing record payments of salary, bonus and benefits: \$1.7 million to Revlon's Michel C. Bergerac, for example, and \$2.5 million to Warner Communications' Steven J. Ross. Alan Ladd Jr., the dollar scion of a departed Hollywood he-man, collected \$1.9 million last year as president of the 20th Century-Fox movie division, mostly in the form of a bonus for having had the shrewd sense (or good luck) to make *Star Wars*. Ford Motor had three men in seven figures: President Philip Caldwell, Executive Vice President J. Edward Lundy and, of course, Chairman Henry the Deuce himself.

Reports of the outsize rewards are enough to make many an inflation-straitened American sing along with angry Paycheck. But before everybody gets upset, let alone envious, it might be wise to put the large numbers in perspective. Though nobody has to pass a collection cup for the fellows who reach the top of corporate America's greasy pole, those who make big money as hired managers are a small minority. Down in the trenches, which is anywhere below the senior vice president level, the rewards are moderate and uncertain. A lot of bank vice presidents and middle managers in heavy manufacturing are lucky to crack \$35,000; they commonly get a title in lieu of money.

Employees in a company might have reason to cheer when their chairman gets large rewards. Says Dudley V.I. Darling, a top executive recruiter with Ward Howell Associates: "The pay scales of people from lower middle managers up through officers are usually pegged to the salary that the chief collects." Middle managers are paid best in industries that compensate their top managers the most: cos-

metics, autos, electronics, data processing, entertainment. Such industries tend to be highly profitable and fast growing, and they give relatively more to employees and less in dividends to shareholders than do companies in older, slower-moving but more secure industries, such as commercial banking, utilities, heavy metals and railroads.

Everybody knows that \$1 million isn't what it used to be, and it is also common wisdom that even the highest-paid corporate executives earn less than such folk idols as disc jockeys, movie and rock stars and even country music heroes; Johnny Paycheck will be good for \$1 million or more this year.

Most of America's real money—the big money—goes to its small businessmen, entrepreneurs and professionals.

The quickest, surest buck is earned by doctors. Their household incomes average \$74,000, vs. \$83,000 for presidents of companies with 25 employees or more. But practicing physicians strike it rich when younger (their average age is 47, vs. 54 for presidents), and there are more of them in the U.S. (\$275,000, vs.

\$137,000 company presidents). Rewards are even greater for risk-taking entrepreneurs. The corner druggist who opens a chain of stores is a Norman Rockwell hero, and he often earns far more money—and gets far less flak—than a drug company chief. A lucky Texas wildcatter is looked upon as a sturdy independent, and he can buy and sell an oil company middle manager. A large crowd of Holiday Inn, Coca-Cola and Roto-Rooter franchisees, real estate brokers, art dealers and liquor distributors are good for \$500,000 or more, year after year. Given the multiplying value of their land, probably more farmers and ranchers than corporate executives have a net worth above a million.

So despite those bold headlines of big pay for some higher-up hired hands, an old fact remains true: America still reserves its richest rewards not for those few who climb in corporate hierarchies, but for the many who dare, who risk, and who go into business for themselves.



Johnny Paycheck

Michel Bergerac

Steven Ross

Alan Ladd Jr.

IT TOOK A WINE MERCHANT TO BLEND A SCOTCH THIS PLEASING TO THE PALATE.

Ever since the late 1600's, BERRY Brothers & RUDD, Ltd. have affixed their personal label to some of the



Lords tipped here.

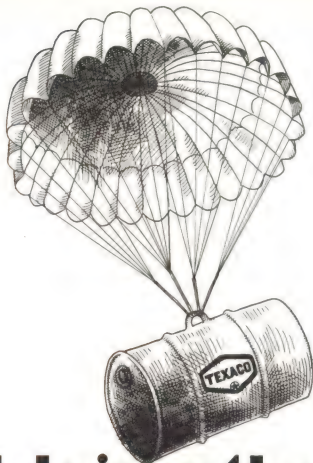
world's most expensive and pleasing potions. And their shop in London has attracted a parade of peers, poets and prime ministers to its door.

Naturally, when BERRY Brothers & RUDD created a Scotch Whisky, they blended it to meet the expectations of noble tastes. The result was Cutty Sark Scots Whisky. A Scotch of uncommon breeding and distinctive smoothness.

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We're investing \$100 million in our Port Arthur, Texas, refinery—so in 1981 we can bring you an additional 800,000 gallons of gasoline and heating oil each day.

It's going to cost us 100 million dollars to pay for the new expansion project and the newly completed desulfurization project. We think it's a good investment. It's going to mean increased efficiency and increased capacity to us, and more energy for you.

You see, the plan is that by 1981, at our Port Arthur refinery, one of our larger processing units will be expanded by an additional 40,000 barrels

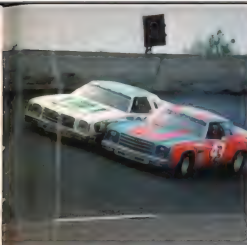
of crude oil a day. This means we'll be able to bring additional gasoline and fuel oil to thousands of Americans.

And what makes it possible for us to do this are the investments we're able to make in ourselves through our own earnings rather than from outside borrowings.

And it stands to reason that the more money we're able to invest in ourselves, the more energy we'll be able to bring to you.



We're working to keep your trust.



Waltrip (left) dueling with Petty



In mid-race at Darlington, mechanics swarm to change engine of Top Rookie Dale Earnhardt

Sport

Beware These Sunday Drivers

Millionaire stock car racers still go like the devil

Richard Petty, known as "the King" for his early dominance of the sport, has never lost the common touch, tirelessly signing autographs and posing for snapshots that will become treasured souvenirs in the scrapbooks of his loyal subjects. Cale Yarborough occasionally calls on his friend and longtime fan, who has moved from Plains, Ga., to the White House. Donnie and Bobby Allison, brothers from Hueytown, Ala., exemplify the fierce and tender loyalties of Southern families. A more amiable group of millionaires would be hard to find—away from their work.

But they are also drivers in the brutal world of big-time stock car racing, and 31 weekends a year, from January to November, they are transformed. Exchanging their designer jeans and Christian Dior shirts for fire-resistant jumpsuits, they climb behind the wheels of souped-up sedans—Chevrolets, Fords, Oldsmobiles—for a Sunday afternoon of racing. And once the gentlemen have started their engines, they often revert to type, crowding each other, even banging fenders, at 170 m.p.h., just as the mythic forebears of their sport dueling with the revenuers on the back roads twisting through the Appalachian Mountains.

Racing wheel to wheel in Darlington, S.C., Darrell Waltrip, 32, nosed out King Petty, 41, by 1.2 sec., in what is turning into the most exciting and richest season on the top circuit of the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing. For his four hours, twelve minutes and six seconds of work, Waltrip won \$23,400. In 1968 the crowd at Darlington numbered some 22,000; this year nearly 68,000 (up 33% from 1978) paid between \$10 and \$30 a ticket to watch the jousting. Al-

though the sport was born in the South and is still centered there, NASCAR's Grand National circuit, which uses only late-model sedans, visits Brooklyn, Mich., Dover, Del., and Ontario, Calif. Last year more than 1.5 million fans watched the races, and purses rose to \$4.8 million, a 50% increase in five years. This season the money will climb to over \$5 million. And this year, for the first time, national TV carried an entire race live: CBS covered the Daytona 500 in February and drew 40 million viewers.

The surge of big money has made seven drivers millionaires, and even Neil Bonnett, who finished eighth in earnings last year, totted up \$155,875 (which, as is customary, he had to share with the owner of his car). In 1978 Yarborough won a record \$530,751, and his total was up to \$101,615 after the first eight races this year. In addition to his 50% share of the winnings, Yarborough earns an estimated \$250,000 a year from personal appearances, endorsements and royalties from souvenirs bearing his image (T-shirts, ashtrays, place mats, coffee mugs). The owner of Yarborough's car is Junior Johnson, one of the roughriding pioneers of the sport, and their sponsors are Busch beer and Citicorp. Campaigning a stock car today costs as much as \$1.2 million a year. Yarborough is supported by a 17-man staff, including a pit crew of seven. They not only tune the 560-plus-horsepower engine of his Oldsmobile to howling perfection, but perform miracles in the pits. They have changed two tires and filled the gas tank in 12.5 sec-

onds, and have actually replaced an engine in mid-race in less than 13 minutes.

But Yarborough and his rivals still drive as hard as they did years ago on the half-mile clay tracks of the South, which is why they are millionaires today. They put on a spectacular show. In the Daytona 500 last February, Yarborough and Donnie Allison bumped fenders twice, and then crashed. While the national TV audience watched in fascination, the two drivers, joined by Allison's brother Bobby, settled their dispute dirt-track style: with a fistfight. Yarborough and Donnie Allison had another scrape at a later race before they struck a good ole boy truce. Says Yarborough: "Donnie and I talked about the situation, about bird hunting, deer hunting, and the two good coon dogs I got. It's over and done with."

Perhaps. The rules of stock car racing are vaguely drawn to give the competitors a lot of crowd-pleasing leeway, especially on the last lap when, as King Petty says, "you're getting down to pay dirt."

The sport has another undeniable and special appeal. A football fan knows he will never learn what it would be like to quarterback the Pitts-

burgh Steelers, but a stock car fan gets behind a wheel every day, and his sedan at least looks like those driven by Yarborough, Petty and the Allisons. As a result, the fans have a rare, fierce sense of identification with the heroes of the sport. At Darlington, when Waltrip edged out Petty, the spectators cheered so loudly that the drivers could hear them over the roar of the engines. For the final laps the fans were on their feet, screaming with appreciation at the skill and daring of the men who have so mastered the fundamental art of driving the American automobile. ■



Cale Yarborough



The luxury car of the decade.

Seville by Cadillac . . . introduced as a new concept in U.S. luxury cars, it has become an American success story. International in size. Cadillac in craftsmanship. One of the world's most honored automobiles. Seville . . . the first American production car to offer Electronic Fuel Injection as standard equipment . . . and first anywhere to offer a choice between the standard 5.7 litre EFI engine or available 5.7 litre diesel V8. (Sevilles are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various GM divisions. See your Cadillac dealer for details.) Shown above, the Seville Elegante . . . with long-laced spoke wheels and leather-tailored seating areas, door panels and steering wheel. Today, Seville stands alone.

As the luxury car of the decade . . . and an American standard for the world.



Books

Names That Make the News

THE POWERS THAT BE by David Halberstam; Knopf; 771 pages; \$15

One day at the White House, President Franklin Roosevelt noticed a radio reporter named Robert Trout holding a microphone that bore unfamiliar initials. F.D.R. stopped and asked: "CIS? What's that?" Some 40 years later, President Richard Nixon believed that CIS and other news organizations were trying to drive him out of office. Clearly, a lot happened in between. What, precisely, forms the subject of *The Powers That Be*, a narrative that is long enough to be two books and in fact is: a serious history of recent changes in U.S. news reporting and a gossip, mostly engrossing chronicle of office politics and high-level power struggles.

David Halberstam, 45, first won notice in 1964 as a Pulitzer-prizewinning reporter for the New York Times, then eased out of daily deadlines toward the writing of books, including the bestselling *The Best and the Brightest* (1972). Halberstam retains the good reporter's eye for color, for the pithy anecdote or quotation that can make facts sit up and breathe. He still digs hard for his material; he put five years into this project, read more than 80 books and conducted extensive interviews with well over 500 people. But he listens very selectively, and at times relentlessly forces his material in the direction he wants it to go. He plays to the public curiosity about journalists as celebrities, a phenomenon that many reporters consider unfortunate. Names, as the saying still goes, make news, and *The Powers That Be* is full as a phone book.

Though Halberstam glances occasionally at the big picture, he stares hardest at four especially successful news organizations and, more particularly, at the people who shaped or reshaped them: TIME and its co-founder Henry Luce; CIS and Board Chairman William S. Paley; the Washington Post and successive Publishers Philip Graham and his wife Katharine; the Los Angeles Times and Publishers Norman Chandler and his son Otis. (Curiously, Halberstam largely ignores the New York Times, explaining that much has been written about the paper in the past and citing his "personal and ambivalent" feelings toward his former employer.) Journalism critics may argue that a newsmagazine, a TV network and two daily papers on

opposite coasts are not strictly comparable, and they will be right. But Halberstam does not compare them. Instead, he constructs a vast mosaic out of the things they have in common.

These include, of course, deadlines, talented and strong-willed personnel, powerful friends and enemies. Most important, they include the tumultuous past four decades of U.S. history. "Until March 1933," Halberstam writes, "through a world war and a Great Depression, the White House had employed only one person to handle the incoming mail. Herbert Hoover had received, for example, some 40 letters a day. After Franklin Roosevelt arrived and began to make his radio speeches, the average was closer to 4,000 letters a day." After F.D.R. and radio found each other, the faster news was reported the faster it began to occur.

Since they had helped create it, Paley and CIS adapted quickly to this new pace. Within a few years, Edward R. Murrow

had become a star and his network basked in the reflected glow. As it happened, one of Murrow's college speech teachers had written him and suggested the slight pause in the introduction that he made famous: "This... is London." No one at the time seemed troubled by this hint of theatricality; years would pass before politicians began frisking TV anchormen for hints of raised eyebrows or smirks.

Luce and TIME found that radio was a friend rather than a competitor. The magazine had been founded in 1923 on the faith that busy people would welcome a weekly distillation of their daily news, a concisely written guide that would put headlines in context, and garnish them with TIME's vivid prose and Luce's strong opinions. Halberstam traces the magazine's success and its development far beyond this early formula.

Newspapers responded more slowly to changing conditions, and two of the slowest were the Washington Post and the Los Angeles Times. *The Post* had the advantage of its location in the nation's capital, but the paper could not seem to translate the wealth of its new owner, Eugene Meyer, into a voice that anyone but die-hard subscribers would hear. On the other hand, the Los Angeles Times spoke loud and clear, but it was far from the center of things, and its deafening bias against any news or newsmaker that might threaten the interests of the Chandlers or their land-holding friends had become a joke to outsiders. Humorist S.J. Perelman recalled stopping at Albuquerque during one train trip: "I asked the porter to get me a newspaper and unfortunately the poor man, hard of hearing, brought me the Los Angeles Times."

The war's end brought prosperity but not a return to pre-Depression normalcy. News, most of it threatening, came thicker and faster the cold war. Mao's revolution in China, the Alger Hiss case, Korea. At their 1952 conventions, the first to be covered by TV, both parties were forced to consider potential nominees who had challenged the old-line bosses by going over their heads and reaching the public through the channels of journalism. The Democrats stopped Estes Kefauver, but the G.O.P. accepted Dwight Eisenhower. In the end, it mattered less to the delegates that Ike was only a nominal Republican than that he was a genuine war hero with a dazzling, telegenic grin. His running mate, almost incidentally, was a young Californian.



Author and Pulitzer-prizewinning Journalist David Halberstam
An eye for the anecdote that can make facts sit up and breathe.

Books

nian named Richard Nixon, whose seats in the House and Senate had been won with the help of the *Los Angeles Times*.

How did journalists and their employers respond to their increasing power and prestige? Halberstam's book will disappoint those expecting to hear the worst. The *Post*, for instance, was handed down from Eugene Meyer to his brilliant son-in-law Philip Graham. Eventually Graham used Meyer's money to buy out the competition and create a morning monopoly in Washington. According to conventional wisdom, that is the time when publishers kick out the reporters and make room for the advertisers. Graham did nothing of the sort; he used his new-found security to take on better journalists and increase his paper's authority. Graham's suicide in 1963 suddenly pushed his shy wife Katharine into the job of publisher. To nearly everyone's surprise, she rose to the challenge, hired the editors who hired the reporters who took on, eventually, the house that Nixon built. Similarly the *Los Angeles Times* achieved a monopoly in its morning market; already rich under Norman Chandler, it grabbed for respectability under Son Otis. Democrats seeking office in California soon had the unaccustomed thrill of reading about their efforts in the news columns of the *Times*.

Halberstam can be rough on his principals, who sometimes emerge as caricatures, but his harshest treatment goes to Paley. While acknowledging Paley's genius and eminence ("the supreme figure of modern broadcasting"), Halberstam also insists that the chairman coldly let highly profitable entertainment programming elbow out the news division. Murrow, who helped invent broadcast journalism and became a symbol of integrity to colleagues and the public, eventually left the network in despair. Much later, Bill Moyers told

Paley that he wanted to quit CBS and return to public broadcasting. Paley asked what it would take to keep him. Moyers said a regular prime-time news show, "much like Murrow had." Paley's response: "I'm sorry, Bill. I can't do it any more. The minute is worth too much now."

Because he concentrates so heavily on owners and proprietors, Halberstam's portrait of the press is full of big money. This presence unquestionably adds spice. And his guarded sympathy for publishers also offers a useful corrective to many books about the press. Seeking profits, in Halberstam's story, is no crime; a news organization that goes broke can no longer do any harm or good. "It was a curious irony of capitalism," he writes, "that among the only outlets rich enough and powerful enough to stand up to an overblown, occasionally reckless, otherwise unchallenged central government were journalistic institutions that had very, very secure financial bases." Hence the rage that so many politicians have felt when major news outlets threaten the status quo.

Halberstam's picture is educational but also highly interpretive and in some ways misleading. He loves conflict for the drama it creates and elevates squabbles into titanic confrontations. Reporters in the field fight valiantly against the pencil-wielding dunderheads at headquarters. Nearly a decade at *TIME* is summarized as an arm-wrestling match between two executives. Paley abuses CBS President Frank Stanton, who despises Murrow, who feels the same way about Stanton. All of this was surrounded by much greater complexity than Halberstam suggests. If some of these figures were as exclusively bloody minded as they appear in this book, they would have wiped themselves out years ago.

Still there are all those anecdotes to cushion the bumps. J.F.K. chewing out Columnist Hugh Sidney, then *TIME*'s White House correspondent, for an item in the magazine's People section, while a TV set near by carried John Glenn's splashdown from his historic orbital mission; Paley advising a bemused correspondent to buy Rembrandts rather than Picassos; Nixon meeting Walter Cronkite and nervously ordering a double sherry to prove he was one of the boys.

Halberstam's constant switching back and forth among different organizations leads to dizzying repetition. His prose often shouts when it should whisper, and his obsession with details sometimes takes him far down the road to trivia. His narrative does not really require, for instance, a mini-biography of CBS Correspondent Dan Rather's father. But the excesses of the book are, in part, the excesses of journalism itself. Better, perhaps, to have too much rather than too little. Halberstam admirably quotes Philip Graham's hardly original definition of news: "The first rough draft of history." His book lives up to that description.

—Paul Gray



Columbia Sociologist Herbert Gans

Press Gangs

DECIDING WHAT'S NEWS

by Herbert J. Gans

Pantheon; 393 pages; \$12.95

For more than a decade, Columbia University Sociologist Herbert J. Gans spent his spare hours watching journalists go about their jobs at CBS, NBC, *TIME* and *Newsweek*. The result, *Deciding What's News*, is too plodding to knock David Halberstam's gossipy competitor off the bestseller charts. But Gans does offer some shrewd observations about life on the other side of the headlines, and some provocative notions about how it should be changed.

Gans found his journalists to be predominantly upper middle class in origin and outlook, overworked, deskbound, interested more in pleasing their peers than their audiences, and determined to keep their reports free of bias. Gans did, however, see them subconsciously defer to a set of "enduring values": democracy, responsible capitalism, individualism, moderation. He concludes that the press pays too much attention to the nation's Government and corporate ruling elites, and too little to the poor and powerless. As one remedy, he proposes a national Endowment for News to ladle out Government money to improve coverage of ordinary folk, and even to buy TV sets and newspaper subscriptions for poor people. That scheme is so wildly impractical, so ripe for abuse that it would probably get the sociologist laughed out of every writers' saloon in the nation. A pity Gans has done a lot of thinking about an important group of professionals who, in his view, are too harassed by deadlines and other burdens of the trade to think as much as they might like.



Henry R. Luce



Katharine Graham



William S. Paley



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Books

Maximum John

TO SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT

by John J. Sirica

Norton; 391 pages; \$15

Boxing had always seemed more enticing to him than a career in law. He skipped college and twice dropped out of law school. Even after passing the bar, he offered so little promise that for a year no law firm would hire him. After an undistinguished career, he became a federal judge because of his capacities as a political fund raiser. Such are hardly the credentials for stature. But when the nation faced its gravest constitutional crisis since the Civil War, he provided a fresh instance of the American dictum: In times of extremity, men grow into their roles.

The man was John Joseph Sirica, and it is a mark of his integrity that he waited so long to present Watergate from the other side of the bench. Perhaps he waited too long. After all the President's men have told their tales, there would seem to be few revelations left. Yet, in this appealing account, Sirica does set the record straight, not only about the judicial words but also about the sentences.

Sirica's unorthodox background probably helped him deal with the nation's unprecedented crisis. The son of a luckless Italian immigrant, he confesses that he sometimes lived beyond the law. Hired as a mechanic's helper in Washington, D.C., the pudgy 14-year-old discovered a way to make his job easier. Instead of completely cleaning out grease caps on the automobiles of 1918, he merely scraped off the top layer of old grease and applied a little new.irate owners complained that their cars still squeaked. Before he could be fired, Sirica quit.

There followed a period of drifting, to California, to Florida, but always back to Washington. He discovered how to use his fists, hung around with pugs (Jack Dempsey is still his best friend), boxed as an amateur and as a sparring partner. To his mother's horror, he accepted a bout as a professional, and won. But haunted by his father's nomadic, and futile, search for economic security, he returned again and again to law school, until on the last try he earned a degree.

As a rare Republican "ethnic" in the mid-'50s, Sirica caught the eye of such powerful politicians as Leonard Hall and William Rogers. They cleared the way for him to become a federal district judge in April of 1957, after he had campaigned twice for Ike and Nixon. Sixteen years later, he glowered down at the likes of G. Gordon Liddy, Howard Hunt, and James McCord, who in March of 1973 appeared in Sirica's chambers with his famous letter of accusation.

The world is familiar with Sirica's reading of that letter in open court. What



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it does not know is that below the deadpan was an emotion that approached glee. "This is it," Sirica allowed himself to think in prosecutorial tones. "This is what I've been hoping for." As it turned out, members of the Administration were not the only ones on trial. Sirica's unbridled temper and his less than brilliant reputation were large targets for the defense attorneys. But the old pugilist had not forgotten how to feint and duck. He remained imperturbable, retired to a neutral corner, and saw every major decision upheld by the appeals courts.

Even now, however, the man refuses to lower his fists. In a cascade of speculation, Sirica declares that if Nixon had refused to surrender the tapes, he would have been held in contempt. Fines of \$25,000 to \$50,000 would have been levied



John J. Sirica

The pugilist had not forgotten to feint.

every day. In the book's most belligerent section, the judge wishes that Nixon had indeed been indicted and gone to trial. If convicted in Sirica's court, he would have been sentenced to jail, regardless of the psychological consequences to the country. The judge, whose penchant for stiff sentences earned him the sobriquet "Maximum John," also regrets that he had to rule against public release of the White House tapes. They were, he concludes, "the most intimate and most damning conversations conducted in the Nixon White House."

Save for these disclosures. To *Set the Record Straight* adds little to history, and the jaded onlooker may be inclined to agree with Novelist Arnold Bennett that "the price of justice is eternal publicity." Still, the man justifies the autobiography. For in its pages, Sirica, 75, provides an ironic paradigm The ob-

scure childhood, the wayward parent, the indomitable will, the tense trials and, at last, the public recognition: we have been here before. Until 1973 that was the Richard Nixon story as told by Richard Nixon. It is not surprising that Sirica voted for him. What remains reassuring is that the judge ruled against the President he once admired. Why? The claim that animates his story is simply: "I think I did my job as best I could. I think I did my duty as a citizen and as someone fortunate enough to hold a position of public responsibility..."

On the record, that statement appears to be, well, unimpeachable. Case dismissed.

—Hays Gorey

Editors' Choice

FICTION: *Birdy*, William Wharton
Dubin's *Lives*, Bernard Malamud
Fielder's *Choice*, edited by Jerome
Holtzman • *Good as Gold*, Joseph
Heller • *SS-GB*, Len Deighton • *The
Best American Short Stories 1978*,
edited by Ted Solotaroff • *The
Flounder*, Günter Grass

NONFICTION: *A Distant Mirror*,
Barbara W. Tuchman • Albert
Camus, Herbert R. Lottman
Confessions of a Conservative, *Garry
Wills* • *In Memory Yet Green*, Isaac
Asimov • *The Habit of Being: Letters
of Flannery O'Connor*, edited by
Sally Fitzgerald • *The Rise of
Theodore Roosevelt*, Edmund Morris
To Build a Castle—My Life as a
Dissenter, Vladimir Bukovsky

Best Sellers

Fiction

- 1 The Matarese Circle, Ludlum
(2 last week)
- 2 Good as Gold, Heller (1)
- 3 Overload, Hailey (4)
- 4 War and Remembrance, Wouk (3)
- 5 SS-GB, Deighton (6)
- 6 Chesapeake, Michener (5)
- 7 The Stories of John Cheever,
Cheever (7)
- 8 Hanta Yo, Hill (9)
- 9 The Associates, O'Hara
- 10 The Pigeon Project, Wallace

Nonfiction

- 1 The Complete Scarsdale Medical
Diet, Tarnower & Baker (1)
- 2 Lauren Bacall by Myself,
Bacall (2)
- 3 How to Prosper During the
Coming Bad Years, Ruff (4)
- 4 Sophia, Living and Loving,
Hatchler (3)
- 5 Mommie Dearest, Crawford (5)
- 6 A Distant Mirror, Tuchman (7)
- 7 Linda Goodman's Love Signs,
Goodman (6)
- 8 The Bronx Zoo, Lyle & Golenbock
- 9 American Caesar, Manchester (9)
- 10 The Complete Book of Running,
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Time Essay

Strengthening the CIA

Ladies and Gentlemen:

This is a troubled world. Threatening forces continue to challenge us. For this reason, we must have a reliable intelligence service—the President's eyes and ears. Yet we are seeing and hearing dimly because of the present condition of the Central Intelligence Agency. In the past, the agency engaged in some practices that were not acceptable in America, but those days are behind us. The CIA has reformed; now we must stop punishing it. We must remove some of the constraints that keep it from doing its job. We must restore the confidence of its members and treat them as honorable men in an often perilous profession. A great power like America cannot survive without a great intelligence service.

Jimmy Carter may never make a speech like this, but he should. A combination of events has seriously disabled the CIA at a time when its services are needed more urgently than ever. To guide its foreign policy, to help its friends and restrain its foes, the U.S. must have adequate intelligence from those areas of the world where information is suppressed, confused or conflicting. The nation cannot afford to be caught off guard by sudden hostilities in the festering arc of crisis or in the vast arenas of Asia where Communist giants collide. With weapons technology advancing more rapidly than ever, the U.S. must keep abreast of the latest Soviet developments, since an undetected Russian breakthrough could jeopardize the ever fragile balance of power. In a world of turmoil, frequently erupting in anarchy, the U.S. must be able to exercise its influence to maintain stability. Where the U.S. fails to do so, some authoritarian power can be counted on to fill the void. That, for better or worse, is the way things are.

Today the CIA is not equipped for its role because it continues to operate under a debilitating cloud of suspicion. Until the early 1970s, its mission was pretty much taken for granted and its methods were seldom questioned. Then a series of revelations deluged it with hostile publicity for the first time. The agency was implicated in assassination attempts on foreign leaders—only a very few, but a few too many. Other abuses were also uncovered by a press seemingly ravenous for CIA misdeeds; inevitably there were gross exaggerations.

A punitive attitude toward the agency lingers on when there is no longer any real justification for it. The White House seems determined to keep reminding the agency of its past transgressions. Vice President Walter Mondale, in particular, has been the moralistic champion of a highly restrictive charter to govern U.S. intelligence agencies, though the legislation will probably be much modified before it is approved by Congress. CIA Director Admiral Stansfield Turner has responded energetically to a set of problems that did not confront his predecessors, but widespread Washington opinion holds that he is not the right man for the job. He may bring too rigid an outlook to what is, after all, an art form: the collection of educated guesses from incisive minds. Though the reduction of budget and personnel began before he took office, his critics charge that hundreds of senior officials with experience, dedication and language skills have been forced out. Turner feels that new blood is needed, but younger recruits may not be able to fill the vacuum for years. Ray Cline, former deputy director for intelligence, thinks that the "core of continuity has been destroyed. By and large, the historical memory is gone."

Foreign intelligence services, whose cooperation is essential, are bewildered and increasingly wary of dealing with a

demoralized CIA that can apparently no longer be trusted to keep secrets. Says a top West German official: "What has happened to the U.S. is dangerous to all of us allied with the U.S." Chaim Herzog, former director of Israeli military intelligence, warns: "The self-flagellation that has gone on in the U.S. has destroyed the front line of defense of the free world. You can't raise your hands in horror unless you have agreement on both sides to stop playing the dirty game. What has been occurring is a very shortsighted policy to undermine and demoralize operatives who now must look over their shoulders whenever they want to do anything."

The first step is to restore the morale of the agency. For all the technological advances, much of intelligence—the gathering of information abroad and its analysis at headquarters in Langley, Va.—remains subjective. Good judgment depends on the commitment, loyalty, imagination and zest of the officials involved. *Esprit* is vital because CIA employment brings few other tangible rewards. Agency members cannot even tell their families what they are doing, their lives are closely monitored, they receive no publicity unless it is bad. Much of their undercover work is far from glamorous and numbingly routine. "Nobody who works for the CIA is going to have a statue erected to him like the one to Nathan Hale," says Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, who served as CIA director for five months. Says James Angleton, former chief of counterintelligence at the CIA and now chairman of the Security and Intelligence Fund: "Our generation believed that you go in naked and you leave naked."

Analysis, which provides the basis for so many key decisions in American foreign policy, must be improved. At present, it is spotty: good in some areas, bad in others. A prominent consumer of CIA reports on Capitol Hill gives the agency an overall grade of C-minus. The agency gets pretty good marks for its reporting on Russia and China, and it feels it has stayed on top of developments in turbulent Central America. In Iran, on the other hand, it was embarrassingly inept. Says Birch Bayh, chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence: "Technologically, it's unbelievable what we have the capacity to do. Our weakness is what we do with the information when we get it. We know the number of tanks belonging to the Warsaw Pact powers, but we want to know where they will go."

There is no substitute for the agent in the field to provide reporting on the intentions of foreign nations. "You can photograph and intercept all the messages that ultrasophisticated technology allows," says a West German expert. "But these cannot provide the sense of a place, the smell, sound and color that can tell so much." Because of declining morale and fear of leaks, CIA networks overseas have broken down. The agent who works abroad is often on his own. Says Jack Maury, onetime CIA chief of Soviet operations: "You can't just give orders from the top and expect them to be carried out. The real protection is integrity, not polygraphs and locks on the doors."

No less important is the analyst at headquarters who must make sense of copious, often conflicting information. He has to feel free to speak his mind, to dissent, to challenge. His independence needs to be safeguarded. Above all, he must have time to think. Caught up in a crisis, a President has a tendency to turn the agency into a kind of wire service to provide hour-by-hour commentary. This cuts down man-hours that should be



Essay

available for the long-range analysis that may help a President prevent a crisis in the first place. The CIA fights a constant, often losing battle to protect the continuity of its basic research.

Inevitably, pressures mount to produce intelligence to support a President's policy. During the years when détente was emphasized, the CIA consistently underestimated the Russian arms buildup. The consensus was that the Soviets were seeking parity with the U.S., a comfortable assumption that was eventually exploded. When it turned out that the Soviets seemed determined to pull ahead of the U.S., the CIA hastily revised its estimates upward. "The greatest intelligence failures stem from preconceptions," says an agency critic on Capitol Hill. "First there is a faulty analytical model, then an unjustified persistence in squeezing the data to fit the model." Adds Cord Meyer, former assistant deputy director for operations: "When you have a wide consensus among policymakers on the assessment of a situation, then it takes a strong man with solid proof to go against the prevailing assumption."

Trying to obtain more sharply focused reports, Director Turner has called for inclusion of dissent in CIA analyses. He has also created an intelligence officer for warning, who has the job of scanning the horizon, looking for the unexpected, jumping into any situation. Much still remains to be done to encourage individual initiative. Promotions, which lag behind other Government agencies, can be speeded up. Usually when an analyst performs well, he is advanced to managerial level, where his laboriously acquired skills are then lost to the agency. A good analyst should be prized above all employees and rewarded accordingly.

While virtually everybody recognizes the need for reliable intelligence, the CIA's other function—covert actions—is much more controversial because of past efforts to "destabilize" certain governments perceived to be inimical to the U.S. Yet covert actions have generally been more modest in scope and supportive of friendly, usually democratic nations and political parties. Few CIA officials, past or present, defend the large-scale paramilitary operations that led to disaster in Cuba and to considerable controversy, at least, in Laos. "Our mission was much inflated," says Jack Maury. "Covert operations can support but not substitute for overt policies. You are not going to change the course of history by cloak and dagger." Ray Cline feels that the CIA is "better at subtle, indirect methods. It is late in the game when you have to shoot someone to get your way. The basic function of covert action is to tell people how to run a stable political system and how to deal with threats to that stability."

Too few covert operations, however, can be as dangerous as too many. Such actions used to consume about half the agency budget; today they account for a mere 2%. Certainly one of the worst setbacks the U.S. has suffered in recent months was the fall of the Shah, including the loss of CIA electronic listening posts in Iran; this equipment was extremely valuable for verification of Soviet weaponry, a key issue in the SALT debate. Though some observers argue that nothing could have been done to save the Shah or promote an acceptable successor regime, nothing was really tried. CIA activities had been curtailed in Iran because of too much publicity; there was no U.S. presence capable of influencing events. "A quick fix" is not possible in covert action, says Richard Helms, who served as ambassador to Iran after retiring as CIA director in 1973. But he believes ways can be found to help a friendly regime that is in trouble if there is a will to find them. What people do not realize, says Helms, is that "the war is being fought in back alleys, not with tanks, guns or nuclear weapons. The CIA must be strengthened or we will lose this war."

Oversight of the CIA, both executive and congressional, must be clear and rational. Until the CIA came under attack, the President was able to evade responsibility for covert actions even

though he had initiated them. Currently the President is required by law to approve all covert actions. That makes him the only major chief of state who is not insulated from potential embarrassments caused by his intelligence arm—a situation that the services of other nations regard with horror. Nevertheless, it is probably the only workable system in the U.S. today.

Until the mid-1970s, Congress exercised oversight through powerful committee chairmen who did not examine covert actions closely, if at all. Now any plans for similar operations must be submitted to eight different congressional committees, far too many to keep anything secret. When the CIA proposed aiding anti-Communist forces in Angola in 1975, the plan was quickly leaked to the press by a hostile Senator and thus killed by exposure. The oversight committees should be reduced to the two current Select Committees on Intelligence, which, as a matter of fact, have taken their job fairly seriously and have avoided leaks.

There should be some relaxation of the laws currently hobbling the CIA. Because of all the restrictions, the agency's legal and inspection staff has more than tripled in the past years. As Schlesinger puts it, "A CIA officer can hardly do his job if he has lawyers following him around reading the U.S. Code to him." Especially nettlesome is the fact that the CIA is subject to the Freedom of Information Act, the only intelligence service in the world that has to produce in-

formation on outsiders on demand. Dozens of CIA officials are tied up responding to inquiries, many of them frivolous to say the least, e.g., information on UFOs. There is no way of telling how many inquiries originate with the KGB, which is operating more freely in America than ever before. The CIA, of course, does not release information it considers injurious to the national interest, but the steady accumulation of detail can reveal more than the agency intends.

A law should be enacted to prevent the disclosure of certain classified information, especially the publication of agents' names that puts their lives as well as their missions in danger. It is surely anomalous that people can receive a prison sentence for releasing data on bank loans, relief rolls or crop statistics, while others can reveal intelligence matters with impunity. At Washington's Dupont Circle, seven miles from CIA headquarters, a group is in business to publish the names of CIA agents abroad. Under the present espionage law, somebody who divulges secrets can be convicted only if it is proved that he acted with "intent" to injure his country or aid a foreign nation—almost an impossibility to establish in a court of law unless he is caught dealing with a foreign agent. No other democratic country is so lax about its intelligence: the U.S. can surely make it tougher for those, including the KGB, who want to compromise national security.

The CIA, to be sure, does not exist in a vacuum; its troubles are a symptom of a wider malaise. The White House shapes the policy in which the CIA plays a vital part. If there is indecision at the top and lack of a coherent strategy, the CIA will not be properly employed.

The White House and some elements in Congress seem to be lagging behind the rest of the country on the matter of reviving the CIA's capability. "The public mood is very supportive," says a top CIA official. "The question is how to mobilize that support." In the world as it is and not as it is sometimes fondly imagined, a major nation cannot function without a strong intelligence agency, and that is what is conspicuously missing in contemporary America. With the balance of power no longer as securely in America's favor as it once was, there may be little time left to get back into the intelligence business in a decisive way. Unless such a change is made, the damage that has been done by crippling the CIA may far outweigh the damage caused by the excesses of the agency when it was riding high and unchallenged.

—Edwin Warner



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